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Original Poetry.

TO ONE ALMOST FORGOTTEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD

One by one, the thoughts and feelings
That were once for thee alone,
Have been changed by Time's revealings
As my heart has older grown;
I have laid thy recollections
Where I lay forbidden things,
I have cooled my warm affections,
Pleasantly, at other springs.

Months and years have rolled above me
Since my weakness was confessed,
Other hearts have learned to love me,
Other lips to mine been pressed;
I am desolate no longer,
Praying in my grief to die,
For the spirit has been stronger
Than the blast that swept it by.

I have thoughts that round me cluster
As the flatterers of a King,
And hope knoweth where to trust her,
Fearing not a broken wing.
I have built a second altar,
Where she sits with folded plumes,
Cheering those who faint and falter
With a wreath that ever blooms.

Thou art far away—I never
Shall recall thy face, in life;
Thou, in all life's fitful fever,
Art no sharer in the strife;
Long and calmly I have waited
For the hour when I could say,
That my trial was completed,
And thine image past away.

It has been my heaviest trial
To call home my wandering gaze,
That, a shadow on the dial,
Brought thee back, so many days;
Face and form and all were painted
On the vision of my brain,
And thine eyes, so deep and sainted,
Looked through every casement pane.

Thou wert near me, in the shadows
Of my darkened room, at night,
Thou wert near me, when the meadows
Slept beneath the calm moonlight;
Oh, how many hours I've striven
To repulse thee from my path,
But thy shade, unawed, undriven,
Looked upon me in my wrath.

Then I thought of spells unholy,
To drive off the mocking shade,
That was strewing melancholy
O'er the brightest hopes I laid;
How could my warm heart forget thee,
With thine image ever near,
Ah, how could I not regret thee,
With thy farewell in my ear.

But the onward hours have hastened
To the goal I sought so long,
And a second love is chastened
By our bygone love and wrong.
I have seen thy image gliding
Fainter and still fainter by,
Till in dreams thy form is riding
Far away in yon blue sky.

Thou art far away—I would not
Seek thy face beneath the wave,
Bury thee in thought I could not,
Though they laid thee in the grave;
And thy memory only lingers
With the flowers that sweetly sprung,
And were plucked by other fingers,
When the morn of life was young.

Original Tales.

THE ALLIANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

In an elegantly furnished apartment of a hotel in one of our eastern cities, between eleven and twelve of a summer night, sat two young men, who had been from earliest boyhood, intimate and devoted friends.

The elder was a wealthy bachelor, of perhaps twenty-eight—tall, finely proportioned and eminently handsome, with an *air distingue*, but worldly and self-satisfied; yet with an expression of natural goodness, and a smile like sudden sunlight. Charles Grantley was a kind of amateur lawyer—more devoted to society than to courts—to the reading of billets more than of Blackstone; one who had more tailors' bills than retaining fees, more conquests than clients, more ball-tickets than briefs.

His companion at this time, presented a marked contrast to himself. Edward Lane, a physician, without property, and just entering upon the practice of his profession, was rather short in stature, and slight almost to fragility. His head was strikingly intellectual in its mould and expression—his face oval in contour—his brow high and broad, his hair dark, his eye full and soft, yet black as night. His cheek was perfectly colorless, and his mouth inexpressibly tender and beautiful.

He was sitting by a table on that night, in an attitude of the profoundest grief and dejection, bending above an open letter, which was actually sprinkled with tears. He was agonized and subdued by an unexpected, and to him immeasurable, sorrow—a sorrow whose nature may be known by a perusal of the letter referred to.

"Mr. Edward Lane—

"A fortunate circumstance having revealed to me your *true* character, in the story of a certain passage of your life, I desire that the engagement which for a short time has existed between us, be considered at an end. I trust that you will not desire an interview—my resolution is unalterable. An *explanation* you will allow is unnecessary, or rather impossible. Let the past be forgotten.

"MARGARET GREY."

When this letter arrived, Edward Lane, who adored the writer, with all the rich fulness of a great nature, with all the strength of a heart whose every pulse throbbed with truth and honor, was overwhelmed with grief and amazement, and thus sought his friend Grantley for consolation and counsel.

"And you say," said Grantley, walking the room with a quick, impatient tread, "that this nice letter is Greek and Choctaw to you—that you never gave the lady cause for jealousy, or change?"

"Never, upon my honor."

"Never had any love-passages in your life before knowing her?"

"No,—unless," added Lane, blushing painfully, "that incident may be called one, when the daughter of my hostess at R——, the young widow Moore—"

"Offered herself to you, and got a cool 'No, I thank you,' for her pains? I remember. Then, my dear fellow, this is mere wanton cruelty and coquetry on the part of Miss Margaret—the deuce take her, I say. As for you, Ned, rouse up, and be a man! For Heaven's sake, don't sit there moping and piping your eye—I'm ashamed of you! Pack down your heart in ice, absolute ice, if you can't preserve it in wine. Be true to your own manly dignity—live out your own proud scorn of such heartless treachery. Do this, and mark my words, you will yet see this same arrogant Margaret Grey humbled in the dust before you!"

"Humbled before me—*she*, in all her surpassing beauty, her divine pride, God forbid! Oh, Grantley, you can never know how I have worshipped that woman!"

"And as likely fellows as you, in Hindoostan, interesting young gentlemen in New Zealand, have 'bowed down to wood and stone;'—but is she so marvellously beautiful? What's her style?"

"Heavens, Grantley, don't talk to me of her *style!* I'd sooner tear to pieces a rose which had hung on her bosom, in order to analyze it, than give you a minute description of her glorious face! I tell you she is as fair as a star, and as unapproachable. She seemed to me to possess all the tenderness of earth, with the holiness of Heaven—before I lost her."

"And now?"

"And now," said Lane, rising proudly, and dashing away the last tear, "that she has embittered my life, wrecked my heart with its freight of priceless affections, I *renounce her* with an eternal farewell."

"Bravo! Ned, that's the spirit. And you'll not ask an interview, nor leave to justify?"

"No, I shall return her letters, by the morning mail, and simply request my own. Then all will be over—the romance and poetry of life will be past, and the 'atheism of the heart' succeed to a strong religious faith in woman and love."

"Ah, my friend," replied Grantley, "you will find that such is life; and now, will you pardon me when I say that I am not, on the whole, surprised by this termination of your *affair de coeur*. You are a genius, a scholar and an honorable gentleman, but you want the one thing needful—intimate knowledge of woman's nature. They may talk of the delicate intuitions of the poet, but I say that the experiences of the man of the world are a thousand times more effective. You give woman deferential homage, when an assured, even an *arrogant* manner, would serve you better. Then you are earnest, sincere, child-like in your transparent simplicity, and there again you are out. Women like in us some degree of artificiality, they look for something unrevealed—some incomprehensible quality of heart, some deep-hid and meaning mystery of character. If all is clear and open, though fair as the day, they soon become satisfied, wearied, disgusted.

"You, my dear fellow, in all your mental and spiritual culture, have sadly neglected the one great study of a gentleman in society—*womanhood as it is*, not as it is painted by poets. You have failed to acquire that air of quiet superiority which first piques, then interests, and finally subdues a woman. Then again you have been as tender and chary of your good fame as a Lady Abbess, when nothing is more true than that a reputation for gallantry, which, thanks to a charitable world, can easily be acquired without actual transgression, is the surest pilot into the snug haven of feminine regard. The dear creatures have a mania for 'snatching brands from the burning,' in the shape of fine stylish young men, who swear to them eternal love and constancy.

"Miss Grey, you tell me, is a beauty, an heiress, a belle, and twenty-two;—she had immeasurable advantages over you, in heart experiences and knowledge of inner life and character. You doubtless impressed her vividly, but not lastingly. Enthusiasm captivates, but never retains. You may have been loved intensely while present, but scarcely thought on when absent. You have not that deep, subtle power of an unquestionable lordliness of nature—of a strong will, nor the indefinable charm of mystery, giving the impression of something held back greater and stronger than aught that is revealed. She read your character like a clear, illuminated manuscript, without one incomprehensible passage, one enigmatical phrase from the beginning to the end; while you should have made it appear to her a black-letter scroll, a column of Egyptian hieroglyphics, a very transcendental essay. Pardon me, my dear fellow, but from my soul I believe that she wearied of the eternal sameness of your goodness and devotion. A love without doubt or danger, is to women but a pillow of poppies, on which she may lie down to sleep, and she would a thousand times prefer it to be a proud coronal of roses, though glistening with the dew of tears, and bristling with the thorns of jealousy."

"By Heaven, I believe you are right!" exclaimed Lane, leaping up with a wild, almost a furious expression of countenance. "I believe you are right—Margaret Grey grew tired of me, and to cover her defection, hints at something unworthy on my part—thus adding falsehood to treachery: the heartless woman!—did I not so utterly despise, I should *hate* her at this moment."

"You have been wronged, my friend," exclaimed Grantley, "deeply wronged, but you shall be *avenged*—I'll tell you how; I have never seen Miss Grey, but I have a good old widowed aunt, living at R——, who has often urged me to pay her a visit. I will go down for a few weeks or months, as may be required—will become acquainted with your quondam lady-love—make my self agreeable, and you who know me, and have seen my success in society, will not, I flatter myself, doubt of the result."

"I do not understand, perhaps, just what you intend," said Lane.

"Oh, thou dullard! I intend in the first place, to get up a little flirtation with Miss Margaret—in the next place to pretend indifference, thus deepening the spell, and in the last place to *jilt her*, as she has jilted you, my best friend. Now, let us join hands on this novel compact, this friendly alliance."

Excited and bewildered, Edward Lane did not withdraw his hand from that of Grantley, whose strong will and superior worldly knowledge had long exerted a powerful influence over his mind, sometimes in opposition to the best feelings of an amiable and honorable nature. He now, though taken by surprise, offered some objections to the singular proposition of his friend, but these were overruled, and he finally, though reluctantly, consented to the plan of retaliation, and promised to lay nothing in the way of its execution. Grantley was to proceed immediately to the village of R——, where Lane, during a spring-rustication, had met with the beautiful Margaret Grey; while there, he should keep in the form of a journal, a careful and truthful account of the different stages and events of the great heart-siege, till victory should crown his efforts, and the affront offered his sensitive sex be avenged.

From the diary kept for his friend, by this brave Knight Errant of wronged masculinity, I fortunately have it in my power to make a few extracts.

"July 25th, 18—. Reached R—— on the 21st, and received a cordial welcome from my good Aunt Fanny. Found the hunting tolerable, and the trouting prime.

"Yesterday morning, after making a toilet studidly careless, I repaired with my respectable relative to Colonel Grey's, to call on the fair lady of my pilgrimage. The Colonel's house and grounds were of an unobtrusive elegance befitting a country life, and evidencing everywhere wealth and a cultivated taste. Miss Grey has evidently breathed an aristocratic atmosphere from her cradle.

"No one was in the drawing room when we entered, but presently a young lady wearing a white morning-dress, of most *recherche* fit, came in through a conservatory, bearing a small vase, just filled with fresh flowers. These she quietly placed on the mantle, before turning to greet my aunt, or to be presented to me. I needed not to be told that this was the matchless Margaret Grey; she more than realizes, she transcends my highest ideal of womanly beauty. She is about the medium size, but her air of regal pride gives the effect of height. She has blue eyes, blond hair, a face of Grecian contour and exquisite fairness—a full bust, a round arm, and a hand and foot absolutely unsurpassable. Her style of dress, manner, and conversation are severely simple—her repose and self-sustainment a miracle of courtly art, in a woman who has never been abroad. Her superb poise of the head would attract titled attention to the box in which she sat at a Parisian opera,—the curl of her lip is divine, the arch of her eye-brow adorable, and the fall of her long eye-lashes on the delicate cheek, is like gold fringe over white velvet.

"On the whole, she *impressed* me far more than I expected. Mem: not to allow this to be apparent at our next meeting.

"July 26th.—Just dropped in on Miss Grey, to leave her 'Consuelo,' about which she enquired of my aunt, yesterday. Found her in the parlor, at her piano. She did not rise as I entered, but greeted me with a smile. I entreated her to go on with her playing, which she did readily. She sings deliciously and with considerable science. I requested an old song, a very old one, but a favorite with me—'The Last Link is Broken.' She hesitated a moment, and blushed slightly, but sung the song with no failing of the voice. Didn't make known to her that I was a singer—save that charge of ammunition for another time.

"27th—Midnight.—Just home from a solitary serenade. Took my guitar, and sung two Italian love-songs. A japonica and some rose-buds thrown out to me—will keep them, to show to Ned.

"28th.—Spent the morning with Miss Grey. Carried her the music of 'Love Not.' While she was singing, I was sure that I saw tears in her eyes—a touching song, that. She invited me to take her place at the piano, and expressed herself highly pleased with my voice, style and execution. I repeated one of the songs of last night, and was confident that she colored at the recollection of the bouquet bestowed in her enthusiasm.

"29th.—Have just heard accidentally that Miss Grey was not at home on the night of the serenade. Who the deuce could have flung me the flowers?

"August 1st.—Eureka! Eureka! I have found the true open-sesame to the well-guarded heart of this finished coquette! Miss Grey is a passionate lover of poetry—Byron's in especial. I have always made reading a study—it is one of my most elegant acquirements, and now it shall serve me.

"August 10th.—Something of a break in my journal. Not much has happened that I could note down, but, nevertheless, a thousand things have transpired to bring about gradually, but surely that 'consummation devoutly to be wished.' Looks and tones there have been, that have *told*. Duchess Margery is beginning to bend. That proud head of hers is destined, I fear, to bow lower and lower, weighed down by her woman's destiny, till it seeks repose on a breast which must reject the sweet burden—till Edward Lane is abundantly avenged.

"August 14th.—Still reading Byron with Miss Grey—have just finished selections from Childe Harold, and begun the Corsair. This morning, as I sat by her side, in an arbor, in the garden, reading the thunder-storm-in-the-Alps passage, (which, by the way, was *marked*,) I ventured to lay my hand gently upon hers, as if accidentally, or as the instinctive asking for poetical sympathy. She did not remove her hand—she even half returned the soft pressure of mine!—and that slight closing of those delicate fingers thrilled up my arm, and shot through my heart, like the first glorious nibble, after a long morning's trouting! But, suddenly, she caught away her hand, with a glance of ineffable hauteur and the blood flushing to the temples. Such pride, in woman, is very unhealthy. I am confident that she no longer loves Ned. I found to-day a song on the piano of which he had written both the music and words. This I requested her to sing, and she complied with perfect calmness—a most charming and patrician nonchalance. She has not the remotest idea that Ned and I are so intimate.

"August 16th.—Just joined Miss Grey in a morning walk. She was returning from a visit to a sick friend, to whose bed-side she had been called in the night. This lady is not expected to live through the day. She is the young widow who was once so desperately in love with Edward Lane—the daughter of his hostess at R——. Miss Grey appeared much agitated—was pale and tearful. How inexpressibly a proud woman's beauty suffers by her giving way to any excess of feeling. The ideal woman loses her divinity when she laughs or weeps.

"Evening.—Called on Miss Grey to invite her to a quiet walk on the river-bank. She seemed tranquil, even happy and sometimes gay. Her friend is far better than in the morning, and she felt free to enjoy to the utmost the delicious evening air, and the delicate attentions and complimentary converse of a devoted chevalier, travelled, well read in the book of polite life, with some pretensions to style and fashion, and not decidedly ill-looking. Soon after reaching the river, Miss Grey remarked a water-lily, just opening on the breast of the tide, (women are always spying flowers in inaccessible places,) and, of course, I risked ruining my gaiter-tips, in order to obtain the prize. But I was richly rewarded by her permission to twine it in her hair, where it seemed a fit type of her own purity of soul, freshness of youth, and sweetness of heart. But I am sentimentalizing.

"I talked more than usual of my late tour—of palaces and courts, and retailed nice bits of gossip concerning European lords, ladies and lions.—These are the topics which *tell* most effectually with American fair ones—the dear Republicans! I described my voyage out, and my ship-board acquaintance with the Keans—then my presentation to Victoria, and my supper at Sam Rogers' with Dickens, Jerrold, Charlotte Cushman, and the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Then came the trip across the channel—with an improvised incident—the Duchess of Devonshire's sea-sickness. Then followed a rattling account of a ball at the Tuileries, when my partner was the Marchioness de Villiers, and our *vis-a-vis* couple were Henry Bulwer and the Countess Guiccioli. I gave a glowing description of the hosts of beautiful women whom I met at the Court of Vienna—(the only two of my mother's sex with whom I spoke in the imperial city, were my landlady and laundress.) I talked of Lake Leman, the Laocoon, Lapis Lazuli, the lagunes and lazaroni—of Pompeii, Pisa, pictures, pillars, Powers and the Pope—of Venice, Vesuvius, Velino, the Venus and the Vatican.

"At length I totally changed the style of my discourse. I modulated my voice to a soft, appealing tone, and talked more of my inner life, quoted Shelley and Keats, with a slight touch of Mrs. Hemans, and delicately hinted at a deep, hidden sorrow. Mrs. Grey gave me a glance of true feminine sympathy, and moved the hand which had before lain lightly on my arm, forward to my wrist. I felt this simple action in every nerve—I could scarce conceal my pleasure. Looks and words may be mistaken, but this one action *never*. It is a certain indication on the part of a woman, of preference, confidence, and a tender interest—it is Cupid's own *manual sign*.

"At parting, I ventured to say 'good night, *Margaret*,' and then, as though I had suddenly recollected myself, begged pardon for the freedom. The 'proude ladye' was graciously pleased to say that she preferred thus to be named, by her '*friends*'—Aha!

"August 17th.—Stayed in all day to concoct a birth-day tribute to Miss Grey, who will be twenty-three on the 20th. It is strange, I never found any difficulty before, in throwing off these little things, but to-day, I have been in despair. I can produce nothing worthy my incomparable, my adorable subject. I am more than half in love with my intended victim—I more than half repent my rash undertaking,—it strikes me as deucedly heartless. Oh, spirits of David and Jonathan, of Orestes and Pylades, aid me in my duty to my friend.

"August 19th.—Spent this evening at Colonel Grey's. Was challenged by Margaret to a game of chess—rather reluctant, as she is the finest player I have ever known, and has invariably beaten me, *until to-night*. She now seemed absorbed, *distraite*—made false moves, begged pardon, blundered again, and finally lost the game. This gave me peculiar gratification—convinced me that she was already check-mated in a deeper and graver game. It is truth significant enough for an axiom, that a woman's skill in play is only lost with her heart.

"I meant, under these circumstances, to have put an unusual degree of *empressement* into my farewell, but the servant having brought to Miss Grey a letter, she hastily retired to read it, and did not return to the parlor. Must now put the last touches to my birth-day poem, which is neither more nor less than a declaration of love, in the most impassioned language which I have at command. It will be a perfect rocket, thrown into the besieged heart, kindling a blaze as it falls!

"August 20th.—Miss Grey at home to a few friends to-night. I found her perfectly transformed, brilliant, joyous, free as a child, and more bewilderingly beautiful than ever! My fate is sealed—I love that woman, wildly, *madly!* She waltzed with me, for the first time; I had a ten minutes' extatic whirl in paradise, with an houri in my arms! As I led her to her seat, happening to look down, I marked, peering above the lace berthe which festooned her magnificent neck, my own tribute of admiration and love, *the birth-day tribute*—I knew it by the pale blue paper! She *felt* my gaze, as I looked up with rapture in my eye, glanced downward—saw the tell-tale billet, and blushing as a rose never blushed, turned and left the room. In a few moments she returned—again serenely calm, again the queen, the goddess of my worship!

"I can no longer endure this struggle. Friendship is a pure and exalting sentiment; but Love is a divine *passion*. It is the fate of all human hearts to bow to its imperious sway. I would be true to my friend—but I am *mortal*, and my strength fails me. With this woman's affections I cannot trifle; as she graciously bends toward me, from the heaven of her high nature, as well might Endymion talk of jilting Dian! To-morrow, to-morrow, the suspense so painful to us both shall be ended. Now 'to sleep, perchance to dream.'

"August 21. *Rejected*, by all the Gods!"

* * * * * *

About a week after the day which saw the abrupt close of the diary of our Knight Errant, his friend Lane received from him the following note, written from his city-room:—

"Dear Ned—I am just off for my long contemplated Western tour. I found, as you will readily suppose, that Miss Grey was not the woman toward whom to carry out my foolish plan of retaliation. Your wrongs are yet unavenged. Good bye! In the greatest haste,

"Yours, CHARLEY."

On receiving this, young Lane immediately sought his friend, whom he found in all the hurry and confusion of trunk-packing for a long journey.

"Why Charles," said Lane, "you really must not go now, of all times."

"And why not now?"

"Because I have need of you. You are pledged to stand by me in one somewhat trying situation—in short, to be my *groomsman*."

"Good Heavens! Lane, what do you mean? *You* to be married? And to whom?"

"*Margaret Grey.*"

The explanation which followed this announcement, I will give my reader in a manner somewhat different from that in which it was then given—by extracts from the letters of Margaret Grey.

"TO HIM WHO ONCE LOVED ME.

"The manly pride, the severe justice of Edward Lane may prompt him to fling this letter on the ground at his feet, when first his eye remarks the familiar hand; but, if he listens to the divine charity of his nature, he will read it to the end!"

* * * * * * *

"I gave you a love such as few women in this age of cold intellectuality and diffusive sensibility, have to bestow. My life had ever been one of absorption, not of radiation. My calmness, my apparent coldness were but (I will say it to *you*,) depth and concentration. I was serious in my nature, and is not all *truth serious?* I was reserved, retiring, until you came;—my love was not like the daisy by the way-side, which gathers dust, while it basks in the sunlight—but like a wild-flower in some forest dell, which all day long keeps the dew-drop in its cup.

"I parted from you after having known you for *a month*, and plighted my faith for eternity, with a feeling that my entire nature had been merged in yours, that even my individuality and my soul's freedom were gone from me. I was almost terrified on reflection, at the sudden growth of our love—at the rash, passionate impulsiveness with which I had let the deep waters of my nature pour from their hidden springs, and mingle with the tide of a stranger life.

"Then came to me a woman, low in station and lower in nature, but possessed of surpassing beauty, to the outward sense, and she, in all the wildness of ungovernable love and bitterest sorrow, told me you had wooed her, won her faith, and only forsaken her for—'*the heiress*.' I laughed at her words. I spurned her with intensest scorn, till she showed me a letter, in your own hand, and signed by your own name, filled with the impassioned protestations of love!

"Then my brain grew wild, and in the agony of my crushed heart and the frenzy of my outraged pride, I wrote you that cold, insulting letter.

"Then came swift desolation over my life. I know that only a few weeks have passed since that hour of darkness—weeks made up of summer days—but each succeeding day has been an arctic winter to the heart. For the first time, my love had gone forth to *meet* another's, and it was like the going forth of the Jewish maiden, with song and gladness, to sudden fear, anguish and death!

"But last night, I was called to the sick-bed of that woman. She told me all. *That* letter was one you had written to *me*. You had been called away before folding or directing it, and she, coming into your room—was tempted, took and concealed it. You will doubtless remember the loss. You will also remember that this woman *loves* you, in her own rude, mistaken way, and for her love, pardon her crime.

"For myself, who have wronged you by my doubt, and coldly turned from you, what shall I say? how knock again at the heart from whence I went forth in anger. This, must I say—'I can do no otherwise; Heaven help me'—I now offer you a love, mightier in its devotion than the first I gave—higher, profounder and more immeasurably abundant. God incline your heart to love, or to *forgiveness*.

"Once more, while I may, let me call you *dear Edward*, and name myself your

"MARGARET."

SECOND LETTER—EXTRACTS.

"A morning out of love's golden Heaven, breaks at last on the night of separation, amid whose cold darkness our souls groped painfully for each other! The silence of our life's sudden desolation is broken and the harmonies of hope and peace are breathing around us.

"'Time is not of years,' it is now August —, last May-day we met; since then, we have both hoped, joyed, suffered and despaired; you have been wronged, and I *forgiven*. Our love is like some gorgeous Southern tree,—it bears *at one time*, the timid buds of hope, the full flower of joy, and the ripened fruit of perfect trust.

"It was evening when your letter reached me. I baptised it with my tears—I laid it on my heart, where it slept all night,

"'Rising and falling with the soft tide of my dreams,
Like a light barque, safe moored.'

"In the morning, the strange and mingled emotions of my breast found faint expression in the words of song—a simple lay, which may steal like a bird-note through love's festal bowers, or may float like a rose-leaf on the wine-cup of the fullness of joy:—

"O'er a wild waste of waters,
A wearied dove,
The ark of thy tenderness
Seeketh my love!

"Pathless her wandering,
Lonely as night,
Not e'en an olive-leaf
Gladdened her sight.

"See now how trustingly
Homeward she flies!
Take her in tenderly,
Thou, or she dies!

"When, sun of my spirit-life,
Mists hid thy smile,
Affection's unfolding bud
Paled for awhile!

"Now again radiantly,
Warmly it glows,
And into full loveliness
Blushes the rose!

"Again my heart's sweetest tides
Gush out to thee,
Embittered return them not,
Loved one, to me!

"Now bound to thee, circling thee,
As a young vine,
Clinging thy life about,
Am I not thine?"

* * * * * *

"You say that I have not seemed to suffer, *to the world*. Ah, chide not the stricken bird that she sought to hide the wound in her breast, with the wing of her pride—for, alas! it did not soothe the anguish—it did not stay the bleeding.

"You ask if my trust in you is now perfect. Ah, forbear such questioning! My faith is now illimitable, indestructible. Your word of love, which once seemed but a frail gossamer thread, swayed by a breath, and broken by a breeze—henceforth shall have to me all the strength of a cable—I could seize hold of it and swing out over an unfathomable abyss!"

* * * * * *

"The voice of your spirit comes to me from afar! I hear it rising clear and calm over all the discordant sounds of actual life—above the shock of its jarring elements, like a vesper hymn over a stormy sea.

"My spirit joys to bathe its wing in the atmosphere of your genius. Ah! how, my Edward, shall I watch your career of fame, careless and unambitious for myself, as a hidden violet, in the dew and shadow of her humility, might watch a star in his pathway up the sky! I glory in your gifts, with a heart panting with emotions at once grand and tender—my poet, my hero and my *own!*"

One sunny morning in October, there was a gay wedding at R——, Edward Lane to Margaret Grey. Charles Grantley did not officiate as groomsman on this occasion, but he was made to know that the high-souled Margaret never revealed to her lover, or husband, the presuming and ill-fated love of his friend. This experience did more than aught else could have done to clear the rust of worldliness from the bright blade of his spirit. On the marriage day of her whom he had at least *begun* to love, he blessed her in his heart, and went forth humbler, more thoughtful, more truthful, and with a purer and juster appreciation of woman.

Our Portrait Gallery.

GENERAL PILLOW.

General Pillow was born June 16th, 1806, in Williamson County, Tennessee. He graduated (Oct. 1827,) at the University of Nashville, and studied law at Columbia, under Judge Kennedy. Admitted to the bar in October, 1829, he became distinguished, and acquired extensive practice. As an advocate he was forcible and eloquent, prompt in action, and indomitable in perseverance. General Pillow was a member of the National Democratic Convention, held in Baltimore in 1844, but has never filled any other public station, preferring the enjoyment of his ample fortune in the domestic circle to the cares of politics. On the 24th of March, 1831, he married Miss Mary E. Martin, by whom he has seven children; and about the same time was appointed by General Carroll Inspector-General of the State militia. General Pillow is a member of the Presbyterian Church.

Original Poetry.

A VALENTINE.

TO GRACE GREENWOOD.

BY HELEN IRVING

To-night I should be folded
To that glowing heart of thine—
Thy lips should now be pressing
Their answering kiss to mine;
To-night I should be thrilling
'Neath thy love's sweetest music tone
Thou should'st be stars and moonlight,
My dearest and my own!

To-night I should be gazing
With worship in thine eyes,
As I marked from lips of genius
Just incense to thee rise—
To-night I should be whispering
From the joyous throng apart,
Though my spirit gloried with them
I loved thee for thy heart!

To-night should be of summer,
With its perfume and its flowers,
Round my heart should dance forever
The memory of its hours—
But ah, I'm sad and lonely,
The night is dark to me,
Save when within my spirit
Glows the star-like thought of thee!

Original Sketch.

THE CZAR;

His Court, his Camp, and his People.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SUPERSTITION.

The Russian is the most credulous of beings and the most obstinate in his credulity. He will never commence anything on a Monday, that being an unlucky day. Even the beauties of the court partake of this superstition. An epidemic malady is always the effect of the evil eye; it is witchcraft which has caused it. Resource is at once had to exorcisms, conjurations and prayers to drive away the malignant spirit. If a horse is seized with a cholic, he has evidently swallowed the devil, in the shape of a snake concealed in the grass. The farrier of the village is at once sent for, he being possessed of the magical power of curing animals tormented by the devil. A Russian will not eat a pigeon, the Holy Spirit having descended in that form.

The flight of crows is still consulted by some. Pieces of money which have been blessed are buried at the four corners of a house in progress of erection, as an excellent preservative against a great number of calamities. Cards are regarded as an infallible method of divining the future. On Christmas eve young girls assemble to know if they are to be married soon. They trace a circle with grain and place in the centre of it a cock which has been rigorously dieted for twenty-four hours. The one before whom is the pile of grain on which the cock first precipitates himself, is the happy maid who will go off first. If it happens that being thirsty, he drinks freely, the husband will certainly be a drunkard; if he crows they rejoice, for it is a certain sign of conjugal happiness. It is true that like superstitions exist in other countries; but they are confined to localities and only prevail among the most ignorant, whereas in Russia they pervade the whole nation and all classes.

Devotion to the Saints amounts to idolatry. There are few Russians who do not carry a small image of St. Nicholas, their great patron saint, around their necks, as a sure talisman to prevent misfortunes and insure prosperity. The soldiery to a man wear them and regard them as their safeguard in the hour of battle. A postilion will never start on a journey without recommending himself to the protection of his patron saint, and making three signs of the Cross. When a man is successful in commerce, agriculture or manufacturing, his neighbors hire from him the image to which they attribute his prosperity. The person having the provisional use of the saint overwhelms him with respect, tenderness and offerings of all kinds; he does not quit him for a minute. If a stranger during his absence arrives at his domicil and asks to see the saint, his wife replies, that he is in the fields or on a journey. The keeper of a Tenis Court will pay the most profound devotion to the saint who presides in it, will light candles around it and adorn it splendidly in order to render it propitious.

One of the most revered images in Russia is a figure of our Saviour in one of the gates of the Kremlin in Moscow. A Russian never passes by without uncovering himself—near to this is an image of the Virgin which made the campaign of 1812 at the head of the Muscovite armies. The disasters of the French were attributed by its adorers to its presence. General Koutousoff showed it to his soldiers shortly before the battle of Moscow, and the sight animated their superstitious courage.

The pictures in the Russian churches are all decorated with a plating of silver or of plated copper. This metallic covering only leaves exposed the parts of the body where the flesh is uncovered. This is a barbarous design considered artistically. The plating is adorned with designs representing flowers and other ornaments. The strangeness of these is heightened by the golden aureole, also in metal, which surrounds the heads of the holy personages. The rays which compose this crown start from beneath the silver plating and project from the picture. Every store or place of business is adorned with an image, and even foreign traders are compelled to comply with the custom. A Russian on first entering a store, instead of saluting the master, salutes the holy image, makes the sign of the Cross and mutters some prayer. He then turns to business, but his devotion does not prevent him from cheating you if he can.

A singular custom prevails on Easter day. Individuals visit each other on that day, watering themselves with plentiful libations and kissing each other on the lips. They accost by saying "Jesus Christ has risen," to which the reply is "Yes, He has risen." They then exchange eggs and drink brandy. As this takes place at every house and at every visit, and the thing lasts for three days, the most intrepid drinkers have a full opportunity of being carried home three days in succession.

The Abbe Chappe d'Auteroche relates a comical adventure, which occurred to him at Tobolsk on Easter day. He says, "Engaged with my astronomical calculations, I did not perceive that a Russian had entered my room. Not wishing apparently to disturb me, he had placed himself at my side, unluckily for himself and me; for on my rising quickly to promenade the apartment, our faces met so rudely, that he was knocked over on the floor and I on a trunk. Though I was as stunned by this as I was to see this Russian, whom I had not the honor to know, in my apartment, I begged him to excuse the accident. I presented my hand to him to induce him to sit down, he tendered me his; I felt an egg in mine. This egg astonished me, for I had not yet recovered from the blow I received on the head; I was besides very much embarrassed to reply to all he said to me, for he continued to speak to me, as if I understood his language. I, on my side, did not cease to testify, by motions of my head, feet and hands, how sensible I was of all his attentions. He finally left me, apparently much discontented. I was preparing to return to my work, when another Russian entered my room. It was easy to see by his step, that he was not fasting. He came up to me to embrace me. As he spread a very disagreeable odor of brandy around him, I made a gesture not to be kissed on the mouth; but it was of no avail. This Russian also gave me an egg. I was now sufficiently instructed to make him a present in return of that which I had received. He then quitted me, discontented however." The learned Abbe afterwards was told that the discontent of these men arose from his not having offered them brandy.

The devotional practices of the Russians are marked by their rigid adherence to their strict fasts and to their fete days. Of the latter there are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred a year. The Greek Church recognizes four lents; were it to decree ten, they would be observed. During these periods of fast they live exclusively on coarse bread, garlic, onions, roots and mushrooms. Butter is replaced by the oil of hemp-seed or by fish, which are generally rancid. The Russian seeks for a benediction in all things. We have described the blessing of the Neva to render navigation propitious. On the 6th of August, of each year, the first fruits are consecrated by the priests. On the other hand, there is one day of general anathema. On that day the cathedral of St. Petersburg is filled to overflowing—and there amidst all the pomp and splendor the clergy can display; a priest reads with a loud voice the names of the most famous heretics and rebels, who have at different periods troubled the peace of the Empire. Each name is followed by an imprecation, and the anathema is repeated by a chorus of children. In conclusion the metropolitan blesses the people and the Sovereign.

If the Czar is satisfied that he has nothing to fear from the insignificance of the numbers of any old established sect in his dominions, they enjoy entire toleration. Thus Lutherans, Jews, Mahometans, Ghebres, and the worshippers of the Grand Lama, are to be found in the full enjoyment of their worship in divers parts of the Empire.

Original Anecdotes.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, FROM THE FRENCH OF MARCO DE SAINT HILAIRE.

THE SCRUPULOUS OFFICER.

At Marengo, whilst Napoleon reconnoitered the enemy's movements, and gave his orders in writing, a cannon-ball struck the officer, to whom he was dictating, and threw him mutilated on the ground. Napoleon ordered another secretary—he came. At the moment when Napoleon resumed his despatch, the wounded man raised himself—

"General!" said he, in a dying voice—"General—we stopped there—"

And he repeated the last words that Napoleon had dictated.

MOTIVE FOR REFUSAL.

At the time of the Convention, a bishop warmly recommended to the First Consul, the cure of Courval, near Clamecy.

"General," said his eminence, "this is a man of the most exemplary piety, and well worthy to exercise the holy ministry at the capital. His habits are so rigid, that, not long ago, he refused to use a saddle which a lady had mounted, until the saddler covered it anew."

"Ah," replied Napoleon, "is your parson's piety of that sort? Ah, well! Let him remain at home, in his own village. He will be perverted at Paris!"

NAPOLEON EN ROUTE.

It was never known before hand, in the Imperial Palace, on what day, or even week, Napoleon would quit his residence to take command of the troops. Consequently, all his officers, both civil and military, held themselves in constant readiness, knowing that at most they should have but three or four hours warning. No one ever knew the place to which they were bound. That was contained in the Grand Marshal's orders, and these once given, every thing else followed. People were always ready to follow Napoleon, to the world's end, if he so ordered.

He generally started from St. Cloud at one o'clock in the morning—mounted his carriage, accompanied by the Grand Marshal and Grand Equerry—and ran over, with the rapidity of lightning, a distance of nearly one hundred and twenty leagues in less than thirty-six hours. Thus many who were to join him remained behind, or arrived at the general quarters the day after a victory was gained—sometimes not until the campaign was over. "'Tis full time to arrive, in truth," then said Napoleon. "Happily, sir, we have been able to do without you."

Every thing at the general quarters was executed *improviste*; but, nevertheless all who should be there were expected to be in readiness at all times to perform any task imposed upon them by their rank or functions. Moments of unexpected rest, hasty departures, change of hours, routes and stopping-places, succeeded each other continually. Sometimes the march of the army was delayed for hours, perhaps even half a day, because Napoleon was working with the Duke of Bassano, or dictating to his secretaries. But at the word, "Let us go, gentlemen, horseback!" pronounced in a short, dry tone, every one put himself in motion, as if propelled by an electric power; and it was only at that moment they knew their destination. The Grand Marshal, and in his absence, the Grand Equerry, or the Major General, sometimes all three, entered the Emperor's carriage. One of the aid-de-camps of service stationed himself at the left window, and the equerry of service at the right hand window. The other aides-de-camps and equerries, the officers of ordnance, and pages, the *piqueurs* (jockeys) with spare horses, the mameluke *Rustan*, and the domestics of the retinue, accompanied the carriage—followed by an escort of twenty four chasseurs, or guides. They rushed on like a hurricane: all were at full speed, night and day, and ran over eight, ten, and sometimes twelve leagues, almost without stopping.

Those who were obliged to follow this whirlwind, particularly in the night-time, were, it may be imagined, not very much at ease. When the road was narrow, they ran upon one another, so to speak, like a flock of sheep, and with a zeal that had in it something brutal and savage. Wo to him who was not an excellent rider, or perfectly sure of his steed; for the least risk he ran in falling, was to be trampled under the feet of the horses behind, which their riders could never stop for such a trifle. On they rushed through heat, rain, sleet, dust and fog, to be in reach of the master's voice, or to catch a glance of his eye. The officers of ordnance, the pages, piquers, and the two chasseurs, who rode before the carriage, always fifty or sixty paces in advance, were more at ease; they had nothing to fear but to be reprimanded, for the postillions ruled the pace of their horses.

NAPOLEON AT HALT.

Napoleon never rode quick enough. "They creep like wet chickens," he would cry, striking the carriage panels with his fists—"We shall never arrive!" And then, lowering the fore-glass, he would thrust his head through the opening, and cry to the postillions—"Are they moving? go quick! You! Are you asleep? You do not budge! Go quicker! Lengthen your pace!"

When Napoleon stopped, all the retinue did the same, and alighted, except the chasseurs of the escort, who remained in their saddles. If the Emperor left his carriage, four guides took their ground, fixed bayonets to their carbines, presented arms, and stood around him, back to back; but no officer of the suite moved from his place until Napoleon permitted it, by saying, "Alight, gentlemen!"

He left his carriage when he wished to breathe the fresh air, or climb a steep hill, to observe the enemy. The number of the guards who acted as *jalons* (workers) was then doubled, and the square in which he stood lengthened. A few advanced with him, following his motions, but always twenty-five or thirty paces distant. When the objects he wished to observe were too remote, his page of service advanced with a large spy-glass, to present to him when he should ask for it. Then Napoleon rested it on the page's shoulder, and thus made his observations.

This new kind of *chevalet* (or easel) did not always preserve the necessary immobility; when the Emperor would say gaily, though with a little impatience—"Hold thyself—do not not move! oh! young gentleman—*will* you be so good as to remain for a moment quiet?—if it is possible!" Then, when he grew tired of keeping the page quiet, or fatigued at looking when generally there was nothing to be seen, he gave back the telescope, and tapped the page's cheek softly with the back of his hand, perhaps to thank him for his obedience or the patience he had displayed.

THE PAGE.

On one occasion, the day before a battle, the Emperor, making his observations, saw something at a distance, which appeared to him extraordinary.

"Sir," said he, to the page nearest him, "Start quick! Go, reconnoitre what is yonder! Execute quickly—I wait for you here!"

Instantly the page gave spurs to his horse, and urged him so suddenly, that both rider and beast rolled over, one upon the other. It was the beginning of April, and had rained much the day previous, so that the ground was slippery. The Emperor exclaimed, "Ah!" alarmed lest the page had been killed; but seeing him jump again upon his horse, and start once more at full speed,—"The little imp!" he cried, "another would have broken legs and arms; but, ah! he is like an elastic ball!"

It is well to know that this syllable, "*ah!*" pronounced by the Emperor on almost every occasion, possessed in his mouth great significance, according to the various accents with which, at various periods, he uttered it. The exclamation was so habitual to him, that those around knew, by the peculiar modulation, if what occurred in his presence gave him pleasure or dissatisfaction. Whether the news he received at any time, were good or bad, he signified his idea of it, as well as his appreciation of the manner in which it was conveyed, only by the expressive "ah!"

A quarter of an hour had scarcely elapsed after the exclamation, when the page returned. His breast and arms are completely covered with mud. His person or his uniform can scarcely be recognized.

He hastily gives an account of his mission, and Napoleon finds that what he has mistaken at a distance for a detachment of Cossacks, is but a grove of brush-wood, agitated by the wind. A little confused, the Emperor immediately changes the conversation.

"How is this, sir? In what situation do you present yourself before me?" he asks, in a sharp tone, concealing with difficulty the smile which the page's appearance brings to his lips.

"Sire," answers the young man, his limbs all bruised by his fall, trembling as he speaks, "the sooner to execute your majesty's orders, I urged my horse forward, but his forelegs failed him, and—"

"And—although you fell so awkwardly, I will wager you say it is still the horse's fault?"

"Sire, I may assure your majesty, that at this time it has not been mine."

"I was sure of it—yes, sir! But it is yours, sir: because this time—because this time, sir—I did not tell you to ride at full speed!"

Then, giving full scope to his gaiety, Napoleon, in a tone of kindness and commiseration says—"Well, that's nothing; go and rest yourself! To-morrow, we shall not think of it—neither you nor I!"

The poor page turns away, to have blood taken from him, and to be confined to his bed for a week from the cruel fall, while Napoleon turns to the Prince of Neufchatel, and speaks in a low, soft voice.

"You see, Berthier," he says, "how devoted the poor child is. He risked his life to execute my orders. But they are all the same—all the same! I did well not to appear to pity him much—we must not make pets of these little urchins. And yet," he adds, while a moisture comes into his eyes—"and yet—poor child—poor child!"

NAPOLEON AT BIVOUAC.

After a serious engagement, and when circumstances rendered it necessary for the Emperor to remain for some time in the open air, early or late, the *piqueurs* and servants of the escort, prepared large quantities of fuel, and built an immense fire. Entire branches of trees, enormous bundles of brush, and huge rafters were piled together, and ignited, and the flames continually fed with new materials. This served as a beacon for those who made part of the quarter-general, to indicate the exact spot where Napoleon rested. And here, Berthier, Duroc and Caulincourt, kept faithful guard; and it was rare that any others were found near the Emperor's person, unless to bring some information, execute a sudden order, or carry some verbal message to a distant Marshal.

All others kept at a distance of fifty or sixty paces from the Emperor, forming a sort of circle round the great fire.

And within this circle, solitary and alone in his thoughts, walked Napoleon, sometimes whistling, sometimes chatting with his three attendants; yet listening all the time, with the most undivided attention, for the sound of a cannon-shot, or some other preconcerted signal from his commanders.

When he grew weary, he took snuff, kicked small pebbles along the ground with his foot; or, oftener, stirred the fire with his boots, which occasioned their constant scorched appearance at the extremities.

Romance of London.

THE LIGHT OF YOUTH.

"A drear November night had lowered over the Great Babel—London. The chill autumnal mist swayed heavily in the air, and hung in dew-drops from the slanting eaves.

"There was no brilliancy in the lighted shops, and nought save the sullen glare from the lamps above; and houseless dogs crept shivering into doorways, and houseless Want huddled itself beside them on the stones; while hastily and cheerlessly the human current passed outward, longing for the warm chimney-corner, where well-known faces would revive the spirits, and merry voices ring musically round the hearth.

"The pale milliner tripped, lightly on her way and forgot her palpitating heart and bleeding fingers in the joy of emancipation from the toil that was destroying her. Sleek Fashion rolled on its carriage-cushions along the thoroughfare, and, yawning its last yawn, became sensible to external objects. Tawdry Vice leered from the vagrant's eye, and sturdy Labor elbowed its way along the *trottoir*—all, the prince and the peasant, the good and the bad, pursued their paths in silent haste—all, save the poor mendicant musician, who stood playing unheeded to the busy crowd.

"Unnoted, indeed! for what had the thronging wayfarers to do with music on such a night? Though his melodies might awaken visions of many a land—of sunny France, in the age of chivalry—of the latticed bowers of Spain, and the rustic pipings that floated over Tyrolean hills—what were these to the prosaic citizens of 'Chepe?'

"Yet the player did not droop, though his efforts—and they were of feeble skill—excited little charity in the multitude. Again and again he resumed the violin with freshened energy, until his frame trembled with cold, and the spirit of Hope gradually retreated before Despair. Then he swept the raven curls from his brow; and, while the night-dew soddened into his frame, he bent despondingly over the instrument.

"'No pity for thee, Mariana!' he muttered, tearfully; 'nothing to soothe the agony and sweat of thy dying moments! Ah, why did we leave Italy!'

"'You come from Italy?' said a stranger, approaching the poor musician.

"'Si, signor,' answered the player; and he looked imploringly upon his questioner. 'We are from the banks of the bright Arno—my sister and I, signor; and the death-stroke is on her. Oh, help me—help me, for the sake of Mariana!'

"'Mariana!' exclaimed the stranger, with a sudden start.

"So wild and agitated had his whole countenance grown at the mention of *that* name, that a flash of lightning could scarcely have illuminated his features with more fiery lustre.

"The musician gazed earnestly upon the form before him, but saw nothing to explain the interest it had excited. The stranger was slight even to attenuation; his hair hung down his shoulders in thick masses; and it was not until he turned from the pale, meagre cheek to the black eyes and olive complexion, that the gazer recognized some of the traits of a countryman.

"'I see it now, signor!' said the musician;—'you are from Italy; you, too, have dwelt in my beautiful Florence, beside the Arno. Is it not so?'

"'I have,' was the faltered reply.

"'Ah! then you know how sad it is to languish for home, when oceans roll between the foot and its native soil. And *she*,' continued the musician—'*she* raves of the skies of Italy in the delirium of her parting soul—our poor stricken Mariana!—You start at that *name*, signor?'

"'It recalls,' said the stranger, 'an echo of youth, a forgotten dream—let it pass!'

"His thin white hands wandered over his face as if to shut out the world for a moment, or hide some fleeting emotion.

"'But you are in want,' he added, after a pause—'then I will aid you for the love of Italy—*and of Mariana*.'

"And, as the last words crept from his lips in the faintest whisper, he took the violin from the musician's hand, and slouching his hat over his eyes, assumed a position beside him on the curb.

"With something of astonishment, but more of the listless apathy of despair, the poor player yielded without a remark. And the stranger wiped the damp mist from the strings, and tuned the instrument afresh, until at last all was prepared. Then it fell into the hollow of his breast—he raised the magic stick with a triumphant gesture, and a burst of impetuous harmony came like a torrent upon the bystanders.

"Ah! ah! the spirit of music has found its master genius now! It quails before him, it opens its richest harmonies with the hand of a prodigal. As the golden shower fell on Danae, falls the stream of melody at the touch of the stranger. Like the low wail of an infant's lamentation—like the joyous laugh of an Italian lazzarone—like the soft whisper of a maiden who tells her love—like the mournful sigh for one loved but lost, steal the golden notes from the Cremona. Every passion has found a voice, every thought of Love, or War, or Restlessness, or Peace, now flashes from the strings in cadences of unearthly skill.

"And Orpheus has charmed the inanimate things of clay. First one and then another pauses to listen in bewilderment; and the few become many, and the poor musician's hat grows heavy with the coins that pour in. Little sympathy had the multitude with his sorrow or famine, but they pay him now, as they would a successful mountebank, and he acknowledged it with tearful tears.

"Suddenly the stranger, who had given no symptoms of surprise at his success, came to a pause. He returned the violin to the player, arrested a public vehicle that was passing, and motioned his companion to enter.

"'Whither will you lead me now?' asked the musician, as they hurried through the crowd.

"'To Mariana!' replied the stranger; and they drove silently away.

"Following the direction pointed out by the musician, they threaded devious tracks throughout the maze of the great city. And far from the haunts of wealth, in a narrow, lonely street, where the darkness was doubly dense, their conveyance drew up, and the musician alighted, followed by the stranger.

"They found admission by a key which the tenant produced, and mounted the crazy stairs for some distance. At length, the musician stopped at a chamber-door. He listened, but all was still. Some anguish shook him; some dread to encounter the misery within, made him tremble; but, at a signal from the stranger, he opened the door, and they stole noiselessly into the apartment.

"It required no second glance to tell that it was the chamber of the dying. There was a *character* about the disarray in which everything was scattered; there was a charnel breath in the atmosphere that hung around the lowly couch, which spoke in plainest language of the grave.

"The musician drew aside the curtains, so that the light of the lamp fell upon the occupant of the bed, revealing a female form of rarest beauty. The approach of death had reft no charm from that matchless countenance, which seemed to have gathered up its lustre in one expiring flash of loveliness; but the long dark hair streamed in ebony waves along the pillow, and her eyes were closed with the exhaustion that succeeds pain.

"'She sleeps,' said the poor musician, kneeling beside her; 'and her dreams are not of this world, for she seems happy.'

"As he spoke, a burning smile lit up the wan features of the girl. The musician was so wrapt in his watchfulness of her face, that he saw not the agony which shook the stranger.

"Still by her side, the watcher smoothed her pillow, and drew together the wandering tresses with childlike fondness. While he busied himself in these offices of a devoted love, her countenance grew yet more bright, and an inexplicable splendor played around her parted lips.

"Suddenly her eyes opened; she started up from her couch, and, sweeping the dishevelled hair from her forehead, gazed wistfully around. The stranger stepped forward from the shadow in which he had stood; her eyes fell upon him, and she uttered a wild shriek of joy.

"'It is *he!*' she cried, and her arms clung round his neck—her head sank upon his breast with enraptured gladness,—'it is *he!*—the lost lover who was mine in happy Florence. Did I not say that he would come again, to rest upon my bosom?'

"'Mariana!' said the stranger, while tears fell from his eyelids like summer rain; 'look at me; say that you forgive—that you will yet be mine!'

"Again the unutterable splendor rested on her lips.

"'And you have won fame,' she continued, without heeding his last words; 'I foretold *that*. What could arrest the genius of Paganini?'

"'Why speak of fame now?' gasped the listener through his sobs; 'tell of yourself, Mariana—that you will yet live to bless me.'

"'Hush!' she exclaimed, interrupting him with a hasty gesture. Her eyes grew fixed; she pressed him closer to her fluttering heart. 'They told me you were false,' she whispered in his ear; 'but it was not so; you love me now; you have loved me ever, and we shall meet again!'

"'We will never part!' exclaimed Paganini, clasping her frantically, as if to arrest her wavering spirit by the bonds of his embrace; 'let my home be thine; and our hands shall be united, as our souls have ever been. Tell me you will live, Mariana, to be mine!'

"'I *will* be thine,' she murmured, faintly; 'I *will* be thine—in—in Heaven!'

"And her head sank forward until the cheek touched his. A slight quiver crept through her frame, a long, deep-drawn sigh escaped, and her loving spirit had flown. It was but the dust of Mariana that lay folded in the arms of Paganini!"

Selected Articles.

"FRANCE IS FREE!"

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

A great voice wakes a foreign land,
And a mighty murmur sweeps the sea,
While nations, dumb with wonder stand,
To note what it may be;—
The word rolls on like a hurricane's breath,
"*Down with the tyrant—come life or death,
France must be free!*"

"Upharsin" is writ on the Orleans wall,
And it needs no prophet to read the word—
The king has flown from his palace hall,
And there the mob are heard!
They shout in the heat of their maddened glee;—
(What sound can compare with a nation's cry
When it leaps from bondage to liberty?)
The voice sweeps on like a hurricane's breath,
And the wondering world hears what it saith,
"*France, France is free!*"

The rough-shod foot of the people tramps
Through the silken rooms of royalty,
And over the floor the mirrors and lamps
Lie like the shattered monarchy!
They have grasped the throne in their irony,
And have borne it aloft in mockery;
But as if the *ghost* of a king might be
Still wielding a shadowy sceptre there,
They dash it to earth, and trample it down,
Shivered to dust, with the Orleans crown,
And shout with a voice that rends the air,
"*France, France is free!*"

Oh, joy to the world! the hour is come
When the nations to freedom awake,
When the royalists stand agape and dumb,
And monarchs with terror shake!
Over the walls of majesty
"Upharsin" is writ in words of fire,
And the eyes of the bondmen, wherever they be,
Are lit with their wild desire.
Soon, soon shall the thrones that blot the world,
Like the Orleans, into the dust be hurled,
And the word roll on, like a hurricane's breath,
Till the farthest slave hears what it saith,
"*Arise, arise, be free!*"

North American.

SHAVING A WILL.

The following anecdote is reported of Mr. Astor, but of course we do not believe one word of it—that is, so far as the *shaving* business goes—Mr. A., we presume, being totally ignorant of such barbarous transactions:—It is said that in his will he has left $10,000 to a church in New York, which gratifying fact was well known to the congregation. Some time ago, however, the church became very much straitened for "chesse," and the only apparent hope they had to extricate themselves, was to apply to Mr. A. for their legacy at once. He was somewhat struck at the request, and was obstinate at first; but they plead so hard, and represented their difficulty as so serious, while they urged it could make no possible difference to him whether they received the legacy in his lifetime or afterward—that he at last reluctantly yielded.

"Gentlemen," said he, "if you must have it, you must, and I see no way of getting out of it;—*but, gentlemen, I shall of course take off the discount!*"—*Germantown Telegraph.*

ACT WELL YOUR PART: THERE ALL THE HONOR LIES.—"I tell you what it is, daddy," said a young chimney sweep to his father and master, "if you don't give me sixpence on a dollar of my earnings, I'll do something dreadful, I will."

"Why, what will you do, you scapegallows?" replied the senior—"run away, or drown yourself?"

"Worse than that, a darned sight; I'll go and bind myself 'prentice to a lawyer. I know one that will take me!"

"Don't, now, Cupid, talk in that awful, desperate, wicked way," rejoined the parental darkey. "Do you want to break your poor old father's heart! Look! here's a quarter for you, to go and shake props with, if you like; but for goodness sake, don't think of disgracing your family by anything that's low."

A PAINTER'S RUSE.—Rembrandt left Amsterdam in disgust at the poor requital of his labors, and directed his wife to assert that he died abroad.—Crowds flocked to the inconsolable widow, and speculators overbid each other in the purchase of every painting, drawing, and sketch, by Rembrandt's master hand. The ruse succeeded beyond hope. After a little more than a month's absence the painter returned and laughed at those who had been duped by his stratagem.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1848.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We trust that the large number of our subscribers who are in arrears to the old firm of S. D. Patterson & Co., will see the propriety of sending on the various amounts due, as soon as possible, in order that we may close our old accounts. As our new movements to enlarge and beautify the Post will subject us to a large additional weekly expense, we shall be under the necessity of being more strict than heretofore in relation to punctual payments. We trust our subscribers will not be offended at this, and that those whose names we are compelled to drop from our list, will not find fault with us for so doing, but will continue to cherish the old friendly feeling towards the Post and its proprietors.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

We bespeak peculiar attention to our outside columns this week. Henry Morford has a fine poem, and Helen Irving a beautiful and impassioned Valentine. "The Alliance" strikes us as being one of Grace Greenwood's best stories—well conceived and excellently told. There are passages in it of rare beauty.

The article on Russian Superstition is as interesting as the others of the series. The "Anecdotes of Napoleon" now first published in America, will be read by every one—for every one takes an interest in the slightest fact that relates to Bonaparte and his marvellous fortunes.

As to the selected portions of this week's paper, we are willing to let them speak for themselves. The portrait of General Pillow, for which we are indebted to Messrs. Grigg & Elliot, will be looked upon with peculiar interest by both Whigs and Democrats. By the Democrats, because they know he is a great favorite of the President; and by the Whigs because he has been a prominent object of their ridicule and animadversions. As to the various charges that have been made against the General, it is only fair in us, as "neutral" journalists, to consider him innocent until he is proved to be guilty.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

Just in time for this week's paper, we have received the news by the Caledonia. So far the Revolution has been successful. The nation at large has ratified the deeds of the people of Paris. Louis Philippe, his family, and obnoxious ministers, have left France—a free soil being no place for a perjured "citizen king," and his minions. The Provisional Government has been already acknowledged by the United States, England, Belgium and Switzerland—the Minister of the United States being the first to welcome the new Republic into the great family of nations.

A National Assembly is to be voted for in the early part of this month—the suffrage to be universal; to this body the Provisional Government will resign its functions. The composition of this National Assembly will enable the world to form an idea as to what amount of political discernment and sagacity exist in France. If the electors choose wise, discreet and able men, all will be well—but if noisy demagogues and florid orators make up the majority of the Convention, it will be a proof that the people are not sufficiently enlightened for a Republican Government. Anarchy will be the first consequence, and a Constitutional Monarchy the result. For Order is the first demand of nations—the popular heart instinctively craves it, as the only safeguard against all kinds of crime and wickedness.

The most important acts of the Provisional Government so far, are the following—all radical ones: The abolition of titles of nobility; the establishment of the freedom of the press, and the right of free speech; the opening of national workshops for the unemployed; and the diminution of the hours of labor.

All the decrees of the Republican party manifest a determination not to do things by halves. They seem determined to commit France so far, that it shall be impossible for the Assembly to re-establish the monarchy, even if it so wills. As to the practical ability of the men composing the Provisional Government, there is considerable difference of opinion; but judging from their actions thus far, they are at least bold, determined, and resolute men. The single fact of their seizing upon the reins of power as they did at the auspicious moment, seems to us a guarantee of their ability. It was a moment to try the metal that was in them. Odillon Barrot, the old Reform leader, who seems to have been at the head of the movement to a certain point, was unable to control the torrent of popular feeling. He paused, and thought the Revolution would pause with him; it did—for a moment—and then poured on as if no such man as Odillon Barrot existed. This proved the old leader was not the Man for the Hour; either he had miscalculated the people, or they had miscalculated him.

The decrees we have alluded to, and some others that the reader will notice in the detailed account in another column, seem to denote that industrial as well as political reform is contemplated. The establishment of national workshops, the diminution of the hours of labor, &c., prove the truth of what has been asserted, that this Revolution is more the product of the working-classes, than that of 1830. And it is well known that one or two of the members of the Provisional Government have been deeply interested in the question of the industrial relations of society. No wonder that Europe gazes in astonishment upon a Movement which presents itself under the three-fold aspect of a Political, Social, and Industrial reform—and wonders what the end of all this shall be.

As was supposed, the spirit of Revolution has infected the other nations of Europe—to what degree it is as yet difficult to determine. The inference we drew from the expulsion of Lola Montes as to the power of the people in Bavaria, is borne out by the statement that a Constitution has been extorted from the King at the point of the bayonet. Poor King! what a time he has of it. First, to be knocked over by a brickbat—*by mistake*; then forced to banish his mistress; and now, last and worst, to have a rather personal and exceedingly pointed argument addressed to him, in favor of liberty, in the shape of a bayonet at his breast. Who would be a king, now-a-days!

In Prussia and Austria, the people seem to be as yet quiet—but whether or not it is the calm that precedes the storm, a few weeks will determine. It is generally believed in Paris, that Metternich, that chief agent of despotism in Europe, has resigned his office. If it be true, it is a movement to conciliate the people; but when things have arrived at a certain point, there is almost as much danger in a conciliatory step, as in a menace. "It is too late!" was the cry at Paris—it may be too late in Austria.

As was to have been expected, commercial affairs in France have been greatly deranged by the Revolution. This result of the popular outbreak could not have been avoided by the wisest management. In England, and Europe generally, a similar derangement of affairs is the result. But mankind occasionally have more important business on hand than buying and selling; and the evils of a successful Revolution, are as dust in the balance compared to the great good. That the Revolution in France may be *successful*, is, we are sure, the fervent prayer of all true American hearts!

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE

The bill to prevent the employment of children under twelve years of age in factories, passed the House by the following vote—yeas 54, nays 9. Well done, gentlemen. That was going for humanity, "without distinction of party."

The bill to abolish the laws against usury, has been negatived in the Senate by the following vote:—

YEAS—Messrs Crabb, Cunningham, Darsie, Forsyth, Johnston, (Armstrong,) Mason, Matthias, Small, Williamson, Speaker—12.

NAYS—Messrs Brawner, Best, Boas, Brawley, Harris, Johnson, (Erie,) Jordan, King, Levis, Middleswarth, Overfield, Potteiger, Rich, Richards, Sadler, Sanderson, Sankey, Smith, Sullivan, Sterrett, Streeter—21.

WASHINGTON'S ADVICE.

The only sword that Washington ever presented in his life, was to George W. P. Custis, in 1799. Mr. Custis was an adopted son, and an officer of cavalry. The following was Washington's language upon presenting it:—"This sword, sir, you are never to draw but in a just cause, or in defence of your country."

SHORT AND SWEET.

The act of abdication, signed by the King before leaving the Tuileries, is, it is said, exceedingly laconic, and conceived very nearly in these terms: "I abdicate to the hands of the French people, on the head of my grandson, the crown which I have received from the French nation."

COTTON AND GRAIN.

Cotton has declined abroad, as will be seen by the Foreign advices; Bread-stuffs are firm, with a tendency upward.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

A Boston Committee, in favor of Cheap Postage, have issued a short address on the subject, giving their reasons in favor of a reduction of the present rates, together with the form of a petition to Congress. They say that within the last two years, under the partial reduction of the postage, the number of letters has increased from 25 to 38 millions. And it will be remembered that the Post Master, in his last report, admitted that the increase in the revenue was much beyond what was expected. The Committee say that the proposed reduction of postage would not only lessen the tax of those who write often, and thus encourage a corresponding increase in their letters, but it would call a new class of correspondents into existence among those who can write, but cannot afford high postage, even for a limited correspondence,—and another class who would be invited to cultivate epistolary habits, or, if illiterate, even learn to write, if impelled by the general practice of all around them.

That the postage should be *uniform*, seems to be gradually impressing itself upon the public mind. The routes once established, it costs the government no more to carry a letter a long distance than a short one, as the mail must be carried, full or empty.

As to newspapers, they are a necessity of Republicanism—quite as important as a Congress. The Free government that does not encourage in all proper ways, the circulation of those daily and weekly messengers of light and life, is false to its trust. And while the proprietors of newspapers are making every effort to improve the quality of these great vehicles of literature, sound opinion, and news, it does not become any Administration, especially a Democratic one, to stand in the way with its little calculations of dimes and half dimes, and thus show itself "penny wise and pound foolish." The statement of a few facts settles all this matter of cheap postage: The mails must be carried—it costs very little more to carry them full than empty—and a reduction in the price of postage ultimately increases the number of letters and papers in a greater ration than the diminution of the price. After this is said, very little remains to be said.

The following is the form of a petition now circulating in Massachusetts:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled

The undersigned, Citizens of Massachusetts, respectfully petition Congress to pass a law to establish A UNIFORM RATE OF POSTAGE, not to exceed ONE CENT ON NEWSPAPERS, and TWO CENTS on each PRE-PAID LETTER of half an ounce, for ALL DISTANCES, and as in duty bound, &c.

We trust a similar petition will be extensively circulated and signed in all parts of the Union.

In conclusion we would remark that another feature will have to be engrafted upon our present Post Office system, before it is at all perfect. This is a system of Post Office drafts, such as was repealed last year, after the country had just begun to get accustomed to it. A similar system, only more extended, which would do away with the present risk of sending small sums of money by mail, is imperatively demanded by the interests of the public—either this, or a guarantee of safe delivery by the Post Office. If all publishers lost as much as we did last year by the mails, an immense amount of money must have been sunk in this way. It is time the country should awaken to the "dog in the manger" policy upon which the Post Office has hitherto been conducted—the government forbidding all others from carrying letters, and bungling the matter itself. It is a pretty state of affairs that Republican America should lag far behind Monarchical England in all that relates to the Post Office.

A NEW IDEA.

A correspondent of the Massachusetts Ploughman, advocates the introduction of what he terms "rail paths," by which he means railroads substantial enough only for light hand cars. His plan is to establish such paths from village to village, reaching to railroad depots. The object of this would be to extend the benefits of the railroad system to all parts of the country. He says that if a railroad or manufacturing village touches even the remote part of a town or county, the business at once abandons the centre, and concentrates there. "The family who live at a railroad depot, or at a sea port, now have an advantage above a family on a farm or in a village twenty-five or thirty miles from a populous centre, such as they did not once have. The family at the depot or sea port can go one hundred miles in the cars or steamboat more easily than the latter family can travel twenty-five or thirty miles, at all seasons of the year; and they have a still greater advantage in the despatch and regularity of conveying goods."

So far as the advantage resulting from the ease of conveying merchandise and produce is concerned, he thinks it could partly be counterbalanced by the suggested rail paths. He estimates that a loaded car weighing 1200 lbs. (common one horse wagons weigh about 300 lbs.) could be moved forward by a single man, on a level road, at the rate of 6½ miles an hour. This is evidently exaggerated, for a common man would find it difficult to move himself *alone* forward at that rate.

But without adopting the above calculation, or the idea of propulsion by men, the plan in the main does strike us as excellent, especially for thickly settled portions of the country. Rail paths, stretching along roads moderately level, could be used, it seems to us, to great advantage. Each farmer contributing to the project might have his own car, and have the right of travelling upon the road whenever he chose. If a single track only was laid, a regulation might be adopted that for half the day the travelling should be all in one direction, and for the other half in the other direction. Double tracks and frequent turn-outs, would make the system almost perfect.

The effect of such an extension of the railroad system would be to equalize the price of property through a district, to a greater degree than at present prevails. Rail paths would not require to be built very strong, as compared with railroads—and the increase in the value of land, would in many places be a fair offset to their cost.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

The Hon. Pierre Soule, U. S. Senator elect of Louisiana, recently attempted to come the Benton game over a judge of that State. Mr. Soule, during a trial, objected to certain questions being put to a witness, but the Court overruled him—Mr. Soule insisted; the Court ordered him to take his seat. Mr. Soule did take his seat, but allowing his angry passions to rise, fixed his eyes sternly and menacingly upon the Court. Whereupon the Court—instead of interposing a screen of some kind, which would have been wisest, and taken no further notice of the offended gentleman—condescended to inquire whether "the counsel intended to look the Court out of countenance, or meant any disrespect to the Court?" We cannot afford the room to chronicle the conversation which then took place; but the result was that Mr. Soule was sentenced for contempt of Court, to twenty-four hours imprisonment, and to pay a fine of $100. When the hour arrived for releasing Mr. Soule from "durance vile," a large party of his friends proceeded to the prison, and escorted him home in triumph. The procession stopped before the Court room, and made so much noise as utterly to interrupt the proceedings of the Court. Taking it altogether, it seems to us, at this distance from the scene of hostilities, a very "small potato" affair all round.

FRENCH INVESTMENTS.

Louis Philippe is known to have between ten and twenty millions of dollars invested in the city of New York; and other Frenchmen, of the royalist school, will now doubtless imitate his example, as they will fear that their property is not secure in France. It is reported that within a few days, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been invested by a French house, on account of a Parisian capitalist. A bill is about to be introduced into the New York Legislature to accommodate such cases, authorizing any person to hold real estate who may pay for the same. American securities abroad are said to be very flourishing—a country like the United States, which has already made its revolution, being considered to have peculiar advantages at the present crisis.

A PREDICTION.

A New York gentleman who acted as marshal in the procession which took place in that city, when the news of the French revolution of 1830 arrived, left at his death a sealed package with the following inscription:—"To be opened on occasion of the coming revolution in France." As that event has now taken place, the package has been opened and found to contain the badges worn by the deceased at the procession of 1830, with a detailed description of the ceremony. On the interior of the wrapper was written:—"To serve on occasion of the next revolution in France, which will take place about 1847." He could not have made a more accurate prediction—unless he had said 1848.

EFFECTS OF SEVERITY.

A father in Troy recently chastised his daughter, twelve or fourteen years of age, with a raw hide, for being suspected of dishonesty. One week after, she died from the effects of the punishment. The father, who is an industrious and trustworthy man, is almost crazy at the sad result of his ill-judged treatment of his only daughter.

What barbarity! The father may be "industrious and trustworthy," but the man who would chastise a girl of twelve or fourteen years with a raw hide, does not deserve to have children. "Crazy at the sad result," is he? He was crazy or worse when he did the brutal deed.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

The following are said to be the actual words of a boy of twelve years of age, in relation to the numerous kissings recently inflicted upon Mr. Clay by his female admirers:—"*They are only trying to kiss his soul.*" If that boy was paraded about, he would receive as many kisses as Mr. Clay—his words are a fine compliment to the ladies.

ALLEGED MURDER.

A man has been arrested at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, charged with having murdered his wife *fourteen years ago*. He now has a fourth wife.

ENGLISH SENTIMENT.

A piece of English folly, in the shape of a letter abusive of this country, is going the rounds of the press. Our editors should remember that "one swallow does not make a summer," nor one foolish man always represent truly the people of England. That there is a class of the English people who cherish as absurd a hatred of us, as a certain small class of Americans cherish towards everything English, is true—but the mass of Englishmen are well disposed towards America. Every month or two we see fresh proofs of this. The last we have seen is in one of the February numbers of "Chambers's Edinburgh Magazine." In an article on "Principle," as distinguished from the mere force of circumstances, the following passage occurs: "By adhering to principle, Pym, and Hampden, and Cromwell, wrested the sceptre from one of the proudest monarchies of the world, and saved their country from despotism. By principle, Washington saved his country from a foreign yoke, *and founded that vast republic which is now the ark of refuge for the miseries and destitution of the world.*"

OUR THANKS.

Our thanks are due to the editors and proprietors of various papers, for kind notices of the Post. As a sample of what is generally thought of The Mammoth Post; we may be allowed to quote a small portion of what is said of it. The Catskill (N. Y.) Messenger, says:

Although it was, before its enlargement, the best family paper on our exchange list, and in fact the best one we know of, still we think it has been greatly improved. The dress of the paper cannot well be surpassed; its typographical appearance is clear and bold. We have no hesitation in saying that the Post is decidedly the best and cheapest weekly paper published.

The Pennsylvania Republican, York, Penn., says, "We repeat the expression of our opinion that the Post is the best paper of its class in Philadelphia." The Northern Democrat, Montrose, Pa., says:

The Post came to us last week enlarged *eight mortal columns*, and looking most splendid! There is no question but that it is the *best* family newspaper published in Philadelphia.

The Niagara Iris says "that the Post may justly be called the handsomest, best, and cheapest paper in the United States."

But we have not room for even a tithe of the commendations frankly bestowed by our brethren of the press upon the enlarged paper. And we must close this article with the utterance of our thanks to the "Alleghany County Advocate," "York Democratic Press," "Lewistown Gazette," "Denton Journal," "Windham County Democrat," "Harrisonburg Republican," "Havana Republican," "Democratic Clarion," "Sandy Hill Herald," "Centre Democrat," "Western Herald," "Ulster Democrat," and "Ballston Journal," in addition to those papers from whose notices we have quoted.

SCOTT AND TRIST.

Pickwickian quarrels are all the go among our public men lately. That between Scott and Trist was of this character. Trist first behaved insultingly to Scott, and wrote him letters thirty-six pages long—of itself a flagrant outrage. Scott handed his letters to his aid-de-camps with instructions to employ their leisure hours in deciphering them, and informing him, in brief, of their contents. Scott called Mr. Trist a "Danton and St. Just," and said he ought to have been attended with a guillotine. On the whole, during the first stages, it was as "pretty a quarrel" as could be desired.

But all this was to have an end—and (the how is not explained) it had an end. Mr. Trist writes to Mr. Buchanan that he had "entirely misconceived" General Scott's character—that his "*whole conduct* had been characterized by the purest public spirit, and a fidelity and devotion which could not be surpassed." And the General, in his turn, we believe, made the *amende honorable* to Mr. Trist.

FATHER MATHEW.

The Secretary of the Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Society of New York has received a letter from Father Mathew, expressing his gratitude for the sentiments expressed towards him by the Society. He says that with regard to his movements to America, he is free until his arrival in New York, when he shall consult with his friends on the subject. The whole country will be glad to see a man who has done so much good, and thus proved himself a true minister of the Highest.

ANTI-GAMBLING.

There has been an order commenced in Cumberland, called the Independent Order of Anti-Gamblers. The object consists in reforming all persons who are now, or ever have been addicted to the ruinous and disgraceful habit of gambling.

We would bespeak the earnest attention of the above Order to the Philadelphia Stock Brokers. There is a large field open for labor in this vicinity.

VALUE OF NEWSPAPERS.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis*, of New York, has been sold for $50,000. It will become evident to the dullest comprehension after a while, that newspaper lists are of some value. We suppose though, if the late proprietor of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* should happen to die before he received the money, his *widow* would not be entitled to one cent of it. Is not that the new doctrine?

YUCATAN.

A letter from Honduras, in the New York Journal of Commerce, says that the war in Yucatan had its origin in the oppression exercised towards the Indians by the superior classes. He says that the Indians now cry death to the whites and all who have white blood in them—and say they must and will have their territories back again as in the time of the Montezumas.

GOOD.

The Boston Post has the following good hit at the "citizen King"—now once more a simple citizen, which is certainly far more honorable than to be a *simple* King:

Wanted—A few scholars by an old schoolmaster, who has just learned a new lesson in French.

THE CHOLERA.

The Cholera is disappearing in some provinces of Russia, and becoming more intense in others.

Local Intelligence.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

We are glad that Mr. Peale has re-opened his saloon for dramatic entertainments. We have experienced more pleasure in seeing the "Cricket on the Hearth," and others of Dickens's stories, at the Museum, than we ever did in seeing any of Shakspeare's plays at the regular Theatres. We will yield to no one in our admiration of Shakspeare's plays, *to read them*—but to see them acted, is to see them mangled. To act Julius Cæsar, you should have a Julius Cæsar, a Brutus, a Cassius—men rather hard to find, especially on the boards of a Theatre. But your Dots and Berthas, &c., are, thank Heaven! almost as plenty as roses—and we would rather see characters of comparatively small range well represented, than your giants of heart and mind, murdered. Perhaps we are peculiar in this, but it is our *taste*—as the traveller said when the savages rallied him for preferring simple fruits and bread-stuffs to the cooked-up remains of a great war chief.

SCIENTIFIC LECTURES.

Our city has been recently favored with the presence of two able lecturers from foreign parts—Drs. Nichol and Boynton. Dr. Nichol is delivering a course upon Astronomy, remarkable for the clearness and simplicity with which he treats the most abstruse parts of his discourse. Dr. Boynton, also, is said to be one of the most agreeable lecturers of the day. Philadelphia seldom fails to give good audiences to those who come to spread abroad a knowledge of the sciences. It is not much to be wondered at, however, that a city so famous (in two senses) for *roses* should be "*scientific*."

COAL.

The Senate of Pennsylvania has passed a bill providing for the appointment of weighers of anthracite coal for the City and County of Philadelphia. We are glad to hear this. It is said that many dealers never deliver over 2,000 to 2,100 pounds to the ton—which of course operates not only to the disadvantage of the public, but of all honest dealers. We suppose there is little doubt but that the bill in question will be also passed by the lower House, or we should have more to say about it.

"KNOW THYSELF."

Dr. James McClintock, Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the Philadelphia College of Medicine, has, at the request of a number of his friends, consented to deliver a course of lectures before the ladies and gentlemen of this city, on the important subjects of Human Anatomy and Physiology. Professor McClintock for the last twenty years has been extensively engaged in teaching these useful branches, and his auditors will therefore have the satisfaction of knowing that the information imparted may be relied upon.

THE GIRARD BANK.

The Committee on Banks in the lower House of this state, have been instructed to inquire whether the Girard Bank is not now banking in violation of the law, and to report accordingly. The Bank failed on the 16th of March, 1842, and executed an assignment for the benefit of its creditors. It is contended by some that this assignment worked a forfeiture of charter.

THE HUTCHINSONS.

This sweet band of singers from the old Granite State, have arrived in this city on their way to Washington. Their "native wood-notes wild" gladden the heart like the fresh air of the mountains, and the songs of early birds. Seas, brooks and winds make kindred music.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 138—adults 67 and children 71.

ATROCIOUS MURDER.

The citizens of Philadelphia have been under much excitement the last week, in consequence of the perpetration of one of the most atrocious murders which has ever been committed in this city. The particulars are briefly these: The house No. 30 Fourth Street, a few doors above Arch, one of the most respectable portions of the city, was inhabited by two families, relatives—Mr. C. L. Rademacher's and Augustus Koellner's. About two o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the 23rd ult., groans and screams were heard issuing from the chamber of Mr. Rademacher. Mr. Koellner upon being awakened, hurried down stairs, but found the door fast. Hearing groans inside he obtained an axe to open it; when it was unbolted from the inside, and Mr. Rademacher staggered into his arms covered with blood. Upon the entrance of Mr. Koellner and his wife into the room, they beheld Mrs. Rademacher stretched upon the floor. Having laid her husband upon the bed, they flew to her assistance, but she was dead, and lying in a pool of her own blood.

The testimony given before the Coroner's Jury leads to the inference, that an entrance had been gained to the chamber through the window, which opens upon a shed. Whether the entrance was thus made or not, it is evident that the exit of the murderer or murderers was accomplished in this way; as the Captain of the Watch testifies that he saw on the edge of the shutter the print of four bloody fingers—as also blood on the window curtain, and on the edge of the capping of the fence.

Mr. Rademacher thinks that his assailant attempted to shoot him, but the pistol would not go off, and that he then designed to beat him to death. His wife was stabbed with a sharp weapon in numerous places—in fact most horribly butchered. She was in her twenty-fourth year, had been married between two and three years, and was a very pretty woman.

What object the murderer could have in perpetrating so atrocious an outrage, is as yet shrouded in mystery. He may have been after plunder, and yet nothing in the house was touched, not even a gold watch and jewellery in the room. It may be though, that he was discovered by the unfortunate lady, immediately after effecting his entrance, and that upon her rising, he sprung on her and stabbed her.

Since writing the above a man has been arrested under such circumstances as to leave but little doubt of his being the murderer. He is a German named Charles Langfeldt, recently released from between three and four years imprisonment for robbing the Zion Lutheran Church. He formerly resided with a Mr. Cassel, in the house now occupied by Mr. Rademacher, and the testimony of Mr. Cassel and his wife was very strong against him on his trial.

He is a shoemaker—he was not at home on the night of the murder till three o'clock, he then procured a basin and water, and washed his hands and part of his apparel. His clothing have been found stained with blood. The shirt he had on when arrested had a stain on the bosom—he wore it with the hind part front, in order to hide the red witness of his guilt. A blade of a shoemaker's knife found in the bed of Mr. Rademacher, has been recognised as belonging to him, and a dirk knife is missing from his boarding house.

It is stated that Mrs. Rademacher had frequently expressed fears of robbers obtaining an entrance through the window in question—saying that her husband was difficult to waken. She expressed this fear the evening before her murder.

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK. NO. II.

New York, March 27, 1848.

GENTLEMEN—

Our city is still in a state of revolution. Judging from the Philadelphia papers, you have been more quiet and Quaker-like in your expressions of rejoicing over the liberation of France, than we. The great amount of resident foreigners, which makes our society a living mosaic of all nations, from the delicate Italian alabaster and French porcelain to the English allen and German pudding-stone, is undoubtedly the principal leaven, which has been fermenting and foaming over every night, in the wildest enthusiasm, for a week past. I was the witness of some of these scenes, the like of which are rarely met with out of Europe, and a brief account of them may be interesting to you, and to some antiquarian, turning over the old files of the Post fifty years hence, as a "bit," (to use an English expression) from the great landscape of the present time.

The French residents held a meeting on Wednesday night, in St. John's Hall, a German hotel, just back of Tammany. I pressed my way through the public room, crowded with French and Germans, preparing themselves for business with liberal choppins of beer, and the red vintage of the Rhine. The hall in the second story was brilliantly lighted and filled to suffocation. It was to the life, an assemblage of the Parisian *bourgeois*. The long, low-arched room—the tri-colored banner, suspended over the Speaker's stand—the vivid French faces, and the incessant and exciting tumult of voices, cries, gesticulations—made me forget New York for the time. When the names of the officers were read, the Secretary commenced as usual, with the word "*Messieurs*." Instantly there were such sounds as made one think the age of Robespierre was not ended. "*Citoyens!*" was shouted from all parts of the hall; "*Citoyens!* we are no *Messieurs!*" with a fierce earnestness which would startle any one not familiar with the French character. And when the unlucky Secretary or Speaker forgot this feature of Republicanism, the indignant cries of the *citoyens* reminded him of it.

The best speech of the evening was made by Mr. Brisbane, an American, who was loudly applauded. The proposing of Mr. Gaillardet, editor of the Courrier des Etats Unis, as a member of the Committee to prepare an address to the Provisional Government, was met with hisses and cries of "No! no!" Mr. Gaillardet has been charged with infidelity to the liberal party of France, though of late he had certainly advocated its cause with much warmth. He is a man of brilliant mind, and as a journalist is hardly surpassed by Gautier, Marrast, or the other renowned Editors of Paris.

The night following, I stood three hours in the Hildebrand Hall, wedged between masses of excited Germans, whose slow blood was heated to a point I never before witnessed. The German nature is deep; it takes a strong storm to rouse it, but when once awakened, it goes the wildest lengths—in *words*, at least. The language of the speakers was marked by strong enthusiasm, and a tendency to *visionize* about a glorious future, rather than direct the mass to its attainment. The only practical, reflective address was made by Heinzen, the Editor of the Schnellpost, and himself exiled from Germany, on account of his political writings. He left for Europe in the Cambria, believing that the aid of all true Germans is needed there, in the present crisis. He is a warm friend of Freiligrath, who has already come out with one of his burning lyrics, on the Revolution of 1848.

I went to the Broadway Theatre on Saturday night, to hear Anderson in Claude Melnotte—as he has been called the best representative of "the gardener's son," now on the stage. Without expecting so much, I did not see how he could be surpassed in his delineation of this proud, passionate, and noble character. There was hardly a square foot of vacant space in the Theatre, and when at the end of the fourth act, the fine band struck up the Marseilles Hymn, the audience "came down" in a perfect storm of applause, with three cheers for the Republic of France.

Several valuable accessions to our literature will shortly be made by New York authors. Miss Anne C. Lynch, you will be glad to hear, is preparing a volume of poems for the press, which is to be splendidly illustrated by our first artists. It will probably appear early in the fall. I have had a sight of some of the designs, which are full of spirit and beauty. Rothermel, Cushman, Darley and Winner, of Philadelphia, have contributed exquisite sketches. With Miss Lynch's poetry you are all familiar; its thoughtful finish and grace of language have been equalled by few, even of her brother authors.

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith has written a tragedy, called "The Roman Tribute," which is very highly spoken of. Those parts which I have seen, are strongly marked by the peculiarities of her genius—a vigorous and fertile imagination, combined with great melody of expression. From her success as a writer of narrative fiction, we may confidently look for high intellectual gratification, when this work shall be given to the public, either on the stage or through the quieter medium of paper and types. The age which she has chosen—that of the Constantines—is somewhat removed from modern sympathy, it is true; but nature is the same in all ages.

This last profoundly original remark would make a very good winding-up sentence for a letter, but there is half an inch of paper left, and I have another item of literary gossip to make known. Mrs. Kirkland, whom to read is to admire, will sail for England on the 8th of April, in company with the Rev. Mr. Bellows and lady. Her long residence in the "new home" she has chronicled so charmingly, qualifies her to draw a novel and instructive parallel between its wildwood life and the old homes of Europe. She will visit Italy and Germany, and probably return in the course of next autumn. Her letters, written on the road, will no doubt appear in the Union Magazine.

The Opera Company, after such a triumphant run in your city, have returned to us, and will commence to-night with the beautiful though extravagant opera of Ernani.

J. B. T.

☞ The authorities of the city of Charleston, S. C., have prohibited the sale of the "Discipline of the Methodist Church, South," because it contains a section of the general discipline of the Church, which testifies to the "great evil of slavery," and inquires how it may be "extirpated."

☞ Somebody suggests that birch rods make the best baby-jumpers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE REPUBLIC ESTABLISHED

RECOGNIZED BY GREAT BRITAIN.

THE ORLEANS FAMILY IN EXILE.

ROYALTY AND THE PEERAGE OVERTHROWN.

The steamship Caledonia has arrived at Boston, bringing Liverpool dates to the 10th ult.

From the European Times, Sunday, March 12.

The revolution in France is now *un fait accompli*. The abdication of Louis Philippe, the appointment and resignation of a regency, the complete triumph of the Parisians over the Army, the establishment of a Provisional Government, the erection of a Republic, the overthrow of the House of Peers and titles of distinction, the precipitate, abject flight of all the members of the Orleans family with their misguided ministers to our own shores or to other places of exile, the immediate recognition of the new Republic of France by Great Britain, Belgium, Switzerland and the United States, have all fallen in such rapid succession that the events of "an hour's age doth hiss the speaker," each teeming with some mighty occurrence affecting the destinies of whole nations and dynasties.

The speculations respecting causes, incidents, and probable results of this sudden and mighty social convulsion are various and infinite. The facts stand out in historical boldness of outline, depicted in such indelible characters that they must endure till the last syllable of recorded time.

A provisional government has been organized by our neighbors, the members of which are celebrated throughout the world for genius, eloquence and science. Some of them are of almost romantic integrity. Carried away by the eloquence of Lamartine, the excited, ungovernable mob of Paris, threw down their muskets, which in the first fury of their new-born zeal for liberty they had levelled against the popular leader, and by their unanimous shouts invested the provisional government with the full authority of the State.

As the revolution of the year 1830 was the work of the Bourgeoise, so is the revolution of 1848 the act and deed of the working classes, who have sealed the inauguration of these principles with their own blood. The question which every one asks his neighbor is, will it last. Every man in England, and we believe, elsewhere, hopes so. Lamartine, himself, says, in his address to foreign powers, "We desire, for humanity, that peace may be preserved. We ever hope it." Sincerely do we echo it. Sincerely do we echo these words, applying them emphatically, even in a more enlarged sense than Lamartine.

We hope that peace may be preserved both without the Republic and within the sphere of its domestic dominion. Our sympathies, nay, our interests, are all interwoven with the maintainance of peace, but the great social problem which those men who are aiming to govern millions by a stroke of the pen, is of too intricate and complex a character at once to be solved.

The difficult question of human labor, the real and only source of wealth, and its more equal distribution, is the great argument, to the height of which they propose to direct all their efforts. They may cut this Gordian knot, but to unravel by the slower and surer process of developed industry founded on peace and security far exceeds the ephemeral power of any provisional government, however absolute or well disposed. To make a government, said Mr. Burke, more than half a century ago, upon a similar occasion, requires no great prudence to settle the seat of power; teach obedience, and the work is done. But the forming a free government, that is to temper together the opposite elements of liberty and restraint in one consistent fabric, requires much thought, deep reflection, a sagacious, powerful and combining mind.

The French, as yet, are but in the first stage of transition; they must not only teach, but they must secure obedience from the masses before the regular edifice, which is to crown their hopes, can be raised. If the foundations are laid in peace, the French people may erect a proud monument to consecrate throughout all ages the glories and liberties of a mighty and valiant people, but if the elements of war insinuate their fatal agency into the fabric, the whole will assuredly crumble into the dust and perish. The provisional government became constituted by an usurpation or by the free choice of the mob, but however that may be, eleven members established a supreme authority at the Hotel de Ville. Royalty and the peerage were swept away in a few brief lines, but having hunger, gaunt hunger, with one hundred thousand mouths to feed around the seat of Government, something was to be done immediately to appease the multitudes. Accordingly the gigantic system of out door relief was conceived and executed, formidable legions of National Guards were formed at a stipend per day; these were packed off to the frontiers, the compact between the employers and the employed was broken, and in a short time a decree was passed limiting the hours of labor. The journals were also to be propitiated. Accordingly the stamp duty was removed. But these and numerous decrees will not satisfy the hungry. Nor does the taxation of one large class, who earn their bread by industry, in order that another class may carry a musket in the garb of a National Guard upon the frontier, tend to carry out to its legitimate end the old received Jacobin doctrine of liberty, equality and fraternity again.

Already the decree has gone forth that a National Assembly is to be called on the 20th of April. The Provisional Government will resign its authority into the hands of the definitive government. Universal suffrage and vote by ballot are to secure liberty, equality and fraternity to France. It is quite clear that the good working people of Paris will have the vast majority in the new assembly, and leaving their more or less profitable occupations, will try their hands at statesmanship.

In the meantime commerce is at a stand. The goods have fallen enormously. Considerable failures are announced. Clubs are in the course of forming to advise or overawe the government. Strikes of workmen are becoming more numerous daily. Operatives demand an increase of wages, and have expelled large bodies of the English workmen for their rivalry in the construction of railways.

The moderate politicians, the representatives of the middle classes, disappeared from the scene, and amidst the chaos of passions, interests come, with occasional instances of sublime virtue, which such a state of things has engendered. England waits with her arms folded in deep and anxious alarm the denouement of this strange and eventful history.

PARIS, Feb. 29.—Mr. Rush, the Ambassador of the United States, accompanied by Mr. Martin and Maj. Pinson likewise, waited on the members of the Provisional Government, to whom he delivered a flattering address. The following details of this interview we take from the "National" of to-day:—"At 2 o'clock the Representative Minister of the United States went to the Hotel de Ville to make a formal recognition of the Provisional Government. It was appropriate to the representative of the American Union to be the first to welcome our infant Republic, for there is no bond more powerful between nations than community of sentiment. The step taken by the Minister of the United States has made existing circumstances of serious importance; although fully awaited, it has touched acutely the members of the Provisional Government; and after an interview, in which were exchanged the noblest expressions, they in a body accompanied this Representative of the great nation to the threshold of the Hotel de Ville, as a proof of the cordial affection which must ever exist between the American and French republics.

PARIS, March 9th.—The latest advices represent the city as tranquil, but the financial crisis continues unabated. The most eminent houses are spoken of as being in difficulties, but no further failures have been announced. The funds have fallen considerably. On the 8th, the 3 per cents opened at 50f., and after having been done at 46f., closed at 47f., while the 5 per cents opened at 85f., were even done at 71f., and closed at 75f.

There was no tumult or agitation; all was sad and gloomy. Men came and offered their securities for the money only, at whatever price they could get, but scarcely a buyer could be found.

We have just received a telegraphic despatch from Frikston, stating that the French Government had stopped the payment of the treasury bonds which they have hitherto been in the habit of discounting. It is understood that the Provisional Government has abandoned the idea of removing General Cavaignac from the Governorship of Algeria, in order to place the War Department under his care. It is now fixed that Gen. Lamoricière is to be the Minister of War.

Our latest foreign news is not much in amount, but is important. The account of the Revolution in Paris reached Vienna on the 1st inst., and produced a profound impression. The consternation which prevailed there, says an article in the National, cannot be described. The 5 per cents metallics fell from 91 to 82.

The intelligence from Italy received in Vienna was anything but satisfactory.

The Archbishop of Paris, accompanied by two Vicars General, presented himself to the Provisional Government, and gave in his adhesion to the new order of things, in the name of the entire clergy of his diocese.

Mr. Du Clerc has been appointed Under Secretary of State to the Ministry of France. Numerous diplomatic appointments are announced. M. Dalton goes to Turin, M. Duc de Bossay to Rome; D. Fabvier to Constantinople; M. de Fasca to the United States; M. de Beaumont Vassy to Denmark; M. Ciderant Moskena to Spain.

The coming elections in France excite great attention. The Government, aware of the fearful importance of this matter, were preparing for the crisis. Eight hundred mercantile firms, connected with the Paris Bourse, waited on the Provisional Government, to ask further delay of a month on bills due on the 29th, which, being refused, they had resolved to dismiss their clerks and workmen, and commence their determination not to satisfy their engagements.

Three per cents closed on Paris Bourse on the 19th at 52f.; five per cents at 73f.

Toulon papers of the 10th state that the Duc de Aumale and the Prince de Joinville arrived off that port and made communications to Admiral Boudoin, who, through the telegraph, applied to the government to admit them, and it is said he had been authorized to place a steamer at the disposal of the Prince, to convey them wherever they pleased.

PRUSSIA.—A correspondent at Cologne writes that the middle classes of Prussia, as in the Rhenish States, are determined to achieve their independence, and have a voice in the Government. They are peaceful, but resolutely devoted to the country, and firm in asserting their rights.

AUSTRIA.—The resignation of Metternich is announced for a certainty in Paris. On the 8th, the news of events in Paris caused consternation at Rheims. There was a grand council of all the Ministers. Couriers are despatched in all directions. Count Hahault, the French Ambassador at Vienna, is said to have fainted on hearing the news of the abdication of the King. He started next day for England.

Thirty thousand different troops are to advance to Italy without delay.

BAVARIA.—At Munich a rising has taken place, and a constitution has been extorted from the King at the point of the bayonet.

ITALY.—The Priests, alarmed by the hostile demonstrations made against them by the people, have already quitted the city.

The Journal of Turin fully appreciates the tendency of the French Revolution, and now is encouraging the King to put himself at the head of the National forces, to effect the salvation of Italy. Advices from Genoa, communicate the arrival of an American squadron in that port on the 3d. The latest advices from Naples state that the King has once more violated his solemn promise, and has carried fire and sword into the city of Messina, which has been bombarded for 48 hours by the royal troops.

The Pinten France is almost entirely burned down, causing a loss of two millions francs.

It is said that the Messinese have attacked the citadel of that city, and taken it by assault.

It is rumored at Marseilles that the King of Naples has complied with the demands of the people of Sicily. The Ministers have retired.

The revolution has spread throughout France. All the departments have joined the Republic.

Louis Philippe and the royal family, with Guizot, have arrived in England.

RIOTS have occurred in London, Glasgow, Edinburg and Manchester.

MISCELLANEOUS.—M. Arago, the Republican Minister of the French Marine, sent for the Admirals in Paris. They all attended. He then addressed them, and asked them if there were any of them willing to serve the Republic. They replied all were willing. He then said he requested a man of courage and steadiness, that he knew them all to be so, and that he was ready to give the command of the fleet to any one that they might select. They declared their willingness to abide by his own decision. M. Arago then said that he had entire confidence in them all, but there was one among them who enjoyed an advantage which determined his choice, that of popularity. He therefore appointed Admiral Baudin to the command of the Toulon fleet.

The nomination was at once approved by all the Admirals present. Admiral Baudin has left Paris for Toulon. He is immediately to take command, and to sail for Algiers. His instructions are to take possession of any ships he may find in the port of Algiers, as an integral part of the French Republic. The Chateau of Neuiley has been sacked and burned to the ground. There are thousands of caricatures against Louis Philippe in all the print shops of Paris. They have appeared as if by magic.

The Colonels of the 10th and 78th regiments were nearly all massacred by their own men for refusing to march against the Tuilleries. The Palace of the Tuilleries has been converted into a Hospital, under the name of Le Hotel d'Invalide.

The Rouen railway is stopped. The populace have burned the bridge of Amiens. The statue of the Duc d'Orleans, which stood in the Court of the Louvre, has been taken down.

It could scarcely be anticipated but that the great movement which has convulsed France, should have been felt in some degree in the British Islands.

In London, a trifling disposition to riot was experienced in the early part of the week, but the disorderlies were confined to mischievous boys and citizens out of employment. Order was speedily restored.

In Glasgow, the tumults were more serious, and several persons have been unfortunately shot by the military. The rioters in that city were merely thieves, who plundered the shops and had evidently no political object in view.

In Manchester some tendency to disturbance has been exhibited, but every thing is now quiet. In our own town tranquillity has been undisturbed. Numbers of unemployed persons and others have assembled on the Exchange, but no political feeling is observed.

In Ireland, no breach of the peace has yet taken place, but the exciting language of a certain portion of the press which surpasses anything within our recollection has not escaped the attention of the authorities. We have no apprehension of any disturbance of the public peace, throughout England generally, by a rising of political opinions, although the depressed state of trade, and the existing uncertainty naturally incident to the affairs of the Continent may, we fear, produce a state of disquietude and suffering amongst the numerous classes for some time to come.

ARRIVAL OF THE EX-KING AND QUEEN OF FRANCE AT NEW HAVEN.

BRIGHTON, March 3rd.

We have great pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of the Ex-King and Queen of the French. The King, in landing, was dressed in a green blouse and blue overcoat, borrowed of the Captain of the Express.

The King had not, in fact, a change of clothing. The Ex-King and Queen have for some days been moving from farm house to farm house, in the neighborhood of Trefort. They were nearly exhausted by fatigue, and on his arrival the King stated that a night or two back he must have given himself up.

Louis Philippe and the Ex-Queen, with a male and female attendant, who had during the week constituted the suite of the royal master and mistress, embarked on board a French fishing boat, near Treport, with the intention of attempting to cross the channel. At sea the party was picked up by the Express, Southampton and Havre steamboat, which immediately steered for New Haven, off which harbor she arrived at 7 o'clock in the morning.

On landing, the Ex-King and Queen were welcomed by the inhabitants, nearly the whole of whom had the gratification of being shaken by the hand by Louis Philippe. Her Majesty's first act was to despatch a messenger to Brighton to procure the attention of Mr. Packhouse; the second to write a letter to our gracious sovereign, communicating intelligence of her arrival.

The following is a correct statement of the abode of the different members of the royal family.—Louis Philippe and Maria Amelia, who have assumed the title of Count and Countess de Neuilly, are at Claremont, with whom are also the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, and two children. The Count de Eau, the Duc de Alencon and the Duc and Duchess de Montpensier, are with the Duchess of Saxe Coburg. The Princess Clementine is staying with her husband, the Duke, on a visit to her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. The Duchess of Orleans, with the Count de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, are stated to have arrived at Eones on the 2d. The Prince and Duchess de Joinville were at Algiers at the date of the latest advices from that city, and the Queen of Belgium and the Princess Sophia are at Brussel.

Proclamations and decrees upon the following subjects, during the revolution, were issued from time to time by the Provincial Government. First—interdicting the meeting of the ex-Chamber of Peers. Second—organization of a moveable National Guard, of twenty-four battalions. Third—arrest and punishment of deserters. Fourth—articles pledged at the Mount de Piete, to be restored to the owners—the members of the prix to pay the amount due upon them. Fifth—Tuileries to be converted into an asylum for disabled workmen. Sixth—Capital punishment to be abolished. Seventh—All political persons to be liberated and furnished with means to join their families. Eighth—Suppression of the Chamber of Peers and the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies. In the Constitution of the Republic, every citizen to belong to the National Guard; the liberty of the press guaranteed, and freedom of thought secured. Ninth—National workshops open for the unemployed. Tenth—All citizens to remain in arms and defend their business until they have acquired their rights. Twelfth—Orders to arrest Ministers. Thirteenth—Abolition of all titles and nobility. Fourteenth—Change of the town regiments to demi-brigades. Fifteenth—Ten days additional time granted to pay bills throughout the Republic. Sixteenth—The National Assembly to meet on the 9th of April and decree a Constitution. Population to be the basis of election. Representatives of the people fixed at 900, including those for Algiers and the colonies. Suffrage to be direct and universal. All Frenchmen of 21 years of age to be electors, and all of 25 years eligible to be elected; the ballot to be secret; voters to be furnished with a ballot list, and to vote at the principal places of each Canton; no person to be a representative who has not 25 votes; each representative to receive an indemnity of twenty-five francs per day for the duration of the session. Constituent Assembly to meet on the 20th of April. Seventeenth—Payment of two half years interest on the 4, 4½ and 4 per cent., falling due on the 22d day of March, to be made at Paris on the 6th, and in the departments on the 15th. Eighteenth—Interest of bonds to be fixed at 4½ per cent. for those of from 3 to 4 months to run and at 5 per cent. for those of from 6 months to a year. Nineteenth—An act to be prepared for the immediate emancipation of slaves of all colors. Twentieth—All taxes to be collected as heretofore. Twenty one—A budget to be brought forward, in which a system of moderate taxation would be notified. Twenty-two—All prosecutions against the press for political offences to be withdrawn, and the prisoners confined for all such offences to be released. Twenty-third—Forbids the publication of any placards without the printer's name attached. Twenty-fourth—To restore the old military title of Generals of Brigades and Divisions. Twenty-fifth—Dissolves the Municipal Council of Paris. Twenty-sixth—Discount Banks to be established. Twenty-seventh—The stamp duty on periodicals to be suppressed. Twenty-eighth—All oaths taken by public functionaries to be discontinued. Twenty-ninth—The persons, properties and rights of foreigners to be respected. Thirty—All citizens to be armed and clothed as the National Guard. Those not able to provide clothing, to be furnished by the government. Thirty-one—Diminution of the hours of labor, where it was 11 to be 10, where 12 to be 11. Thirty-two—During 10 days preceding the convention of the primary Assembly, unstamped papers to be published. Thirty-third—The central administration of the department of Marine and the Colonies to be arranged on a new footing. Thirty-fourth—An assimilation of the institutions of Algiers to those of France to take place. The army to be recompensed for its past services to France. Thirty-five—Provides for all works of utility to be preserved and respected. Thirty-six—Royal residences to be sold and the proceeds applied to the victims of the Revolution, and as some compensation for losses in trade and manufactures. Decrees have also been issued changing the names of several vessels in the Navy, and also those of the streets which had any reference to monarchy or members of the fallen king's family.

THE MARKETS.

CORN MARKETS.—Western Canal flour 29a29s. 6d.; Philadelphia and Baltimore 27s. 6d. to 28s.; Richmond and Alexandria 27s. to 28s.; U. S. and Canadian sour 24s. to 25s.; Wheat 20s.; U. S. Canadian, white and mixed, 7s. 4d. to 8s. 7d. per 70 lbs.; red 6s. 4d. to 7s. 3d. Indian Corn, 480 lbs.; 27s. 6d. to 30s. 6d. Meal per bbl., 13s. to 14s. Oatmeal, per 240 lbs., 21s. to 23s. Oats, per 45 lbs., 2s. 6d. to 3s. Barley, per 60 lbs., 3s. to 4s. Rye, per 60 lbs., 3s. to 3s. 9d. Peas, per 504 lbs., 34s. to 40s.

Since the departure of the last steamship the market has evinced a somewhat improved tone, consequent upon an increased demand and limited supply. The general tendency of bread stuffs is upward, and the demand for Indian corn for Ireland has been active.

COTTON.—Upland, ordinary, 3¼d. to 4¼d.; fair 4¼d.; good 5¼d. New Orleans ordinary 4¼d.; fair 4¼d.; fair 4¼d., good 5¼d., Mobile ordinary 4d. 4¼d.; fair 4¼d.; good 5¼d.; Sea Island ordinary to good fine 7d. to 7½d.; stained 4d. to 7d. Under the influence of a revolutionary spirit on the continent, producing considerable uneasiness at home and a tendency to tumult in the manufacturing districts, this market has receded fully ⅛d. per pound.

Great embarrassment has been felt within the last few days, retarding the inclination to buy, and altogether extinguishing speculation. Purchasers are only providing for American wants. The sales for the week ending the 3d inst. were 17,820 bales, and for that ending last evening 24,040; of the cotton, 4,780 were Upland, at 3½ to 5¼; 11,410 Orleans, at 4d. to 6d.; 3,310 Alabama, at 4¼ to 5¼, and 110 at 5¼ to 15d. The stock in port is 298,000 bales; of which 154,000 are American against 405,000, and 307,000 American at the same period last year.

EVIL COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory is from the German:

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to his daughter, "It will not burn you, my child, take it."

Eulalia did so, and behold her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father, "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

Life in Boston.

PASSING EVENTS IN MODERN ATHENS.

BOSTON, March, 1848.

GENTLEMEN OF THE POST:—We have no dearth of news, great news, important and astonishing news. The revolt in Paris, is now of course the topic of general conversation. And of course the sympathy of the people here, as elsewhere, on our continent, goes with the revolutionists; a sympathy meeting is called for, at Faneuil Hall, and the next steamer's news will be looked for, with most extraordinary impatience. The news by the Cambria, to New York, got here on Saturday evening and the rush for English papers, on Sunday morning, on State street, was tremendous! Copies of Wilmer & Smith's European Times, I'm told, were sold at Redding's as high as a dollar for a single copy. There was not an English paper containing the French news, to be bought for love nor money on Monday morning. These revolutions, wars and murders, make good grist for the newspaper mills.

The long trial of Dr. Coolidge, for the murder of young Mathews—brother of the very Editor of the Yankee Blade—has at length terminated in the conviction of the doctor, for one of the most cool, calm and atrocious assassinations on record. The case, from the standing the murderer held in society, and the paltriness of the incentive to such a fearful act, created an immense excitement in this city, where all the parties were known. Dr. Coolidge is a young Physician, talented they say, and was enjoying a splendid practice, making money, and being respected by the community he moved in. But he was a spendthrift, *how* he disposed of his money is not very clearly shown, but that he borrowed cash of every body he knew, appears in evidence. Mathews, was to have loaned him $2,500. Mathews raised the money, when the diabolical idea seems to have come into Dr. Coolidge's head, to get Mathews in his office at night, and assassinate him! Flint, (well named, for he has as hard a heart and *cool* a determination as *Coolidge* himself,) testifies, that he came into the office—being a student under Coolidge—about 10 P. M., found Dr. Coolidge there, in great excitement, and he said—"That little fool, Ned Mathews, came in here just now, took a fit and died; I then took a billet of wood and pounded him to make it appear he was murdered; now do you help me to throw him in the river." Flint advised the doctor not to throw the body into the river, but helped him to put it in a wood-cellar near the office. The body was found there next morning; Coolidge and Flint assisted at the post mortem examination, and appeared as self possessed as any of the jurors of inquest; and then, Flint denied any knowledge of the murder at all. Ultimately, finding suspicion settling on him, he comes out on Coolidge, and his evidence stamps him as deliberate a scoundrel as the halter ever despatched, and only saves himself from being an accessary with Coolidge, by furnishing the evidence that convicts that man. Coolidge, it appears, gave Mathews a dose of *prussic acid* in a glass of brandy, the effect of which, must have taken the unfortunate man's life in two minutes. The murder happened in Waterville, Me., the trial took place in Augusta, the capitol of Maine. Coolidge will be condemned to death, the law of Maine obliges the prisoner to be confined one year in the Penitentiary, then the Governor can set the time for execution when he sees proper; the probability is, Coolidge will pass a few years in prison, if he does not die there, he may be liberated at some future day. But Heaven save us from the birth of many such human fiends.

The cry of "*mad dogs*" has been raised around the city lately; several persons have been bitten by hydrophobia looking curs, and I believe, one person died last week at Waltham, a decided case of madness from the bite of a *rabid* dog. I wish the old fellow's plan of curing *scratching hens*, was applied to two-thirds of the dogs found in the United States. A neighbor had a fine garden, which a bevy of old hens used to *scratch* all to pieces; an old fellow advised the neighbor to cut the hens tails off—the neighbor did so, but the hens still scratched. "Why, Jones, I thought you told me that if I cut off my hens tails, they would not scratch up my garden again?" said the neighbor. "Well, didn't it do?" "No!" "Well, sir, I tried it—it cured mine." "How close did you cut yours?" "Oh, pretty close up; *just behind their ears!*" said the old fellow. *So*, I should like to *cur-tail* the surplus canine race.

The stranger in Boston, is struck with the astonishing number of physicians to be found in so small a city. *Dr.* seems to be prefixed to the names on a third of the door plates, on the dwellings of the city; I certainly was alarmed when I first noted the appalling number of these *doctor* signs, but when I discovered that a great part of these titles were attached to simple teeth extractors, my fears subsided. Boston certainly boasts of the largest *crowd* of "tooth doctors" of any city in Christendom, so that the Yankee nation hereabouts, either have, or soon will have, the worst teeth in the world, if these legions of dentistry gentlemen, are not allowed to starve. Another peculiar feature here, of trade, is the vast multitude of piano makers. They fairly swarm along Washington street; and I presume they are all getting rich, too, for I notice that a dozen or so of these firms have built splendid stores and work shops on the *Boulevard* of Boston—Washington street—within a year past. The Yankees are quite a musical people, as well as industrious, prudent and enterprising. Few dwellings you may enter that will not boast of a handsome piano, so that hundreds are made for "home consumption," and thousands sent all over the United States, &c.

There is one blessing enjoyed here, in your rambles through the streets, a blessing unknown in most places else, in our "*free*" country. No unfragrant stench of obnoxious segar, nor pipe smoke fills the air around you. Smoking is prohibited in the streets, the fine for smoking a segar outside of your lodgings, store, or office, is $2 and costs.—Once in a while some *yahoo* from the country, or some un-puritanized stranger comes into town with a braid of stinking, burning tobacco in his mouth, and treats the undefiled nasal protuberances of the *natives*, to a whiff or two, but he seldom gets far, before he finds himself in *the wrong pew* with his air defiler. I have often noticed in New York and Philadelphia, fellows, black and white, going swinging along Broadway and Chesnut streets, among the very tenderest, most sensitive, and fashionable, with a horrid pipe or segar in their jaws, and rolling out volumes of vapors, foul and stenchy enough to give a Hollander, yea, a Crow Indian, a vomit. It is a great marvel that your people stand such nuisances. No man loves his quiet *siesta* better than I, but I cannot see that I am privileged to go along the street and puff my tobacco fumes down the throats of others, whether they like it or not; *gentlemen* certainly never do smoke in the street, and those that do smoke there unfortunately, are a class of people who use the vilest species of tobacco, and hence the nuisance is much aggravated.

The *faithful* have been much shocked recently, by the doings of the gentlemen who came here from Washington city, as an escort to the remains of the lamented Adams. Having discharged their sad duties, the Committee were tendered a dinner at the Revere House; Mayor Quincy was to preside, of course, but having learned that certain alcoholic beverages were to be introduced, to heighten the hilarity of the occasion, Mr. Quincy being a staunch teetotaler, declined being present. Governor Briggs was also invited, but he, for the same reason, absented himself; so that the invited guests, the M. C.'s, and such of the city authorities as drank, in all numbering near two hundred persons, sat down about dark to dinner, and there they *sat*, (those that did not slide under the table,) until daylight next morning. It was a blow-out upon the most approved Washington city plan.

FALCONBRIDGE.

THE MAIDEN WATCHING FOR HER LOVER.

Day had gone, and evening flung
Her shadow o'er the hill;
Day had gone, and yet she clung
Beside the lattice still.
She look'd upon the river,
No bark its waters bear;
She heard the aspens quiver,
No footstep glideth there

"There was a time it needed
No eye to strain its sight;
Is all—is all unheeded?
Oh! will he come to-night?
The silent stars, he told me,
The sad and silent stars,
To-night should see him fold me,
Despite my lattice bars.

The hurried clouds are shading
The lamps of yon kiosk;
The wearied moon is fading
O'er minaret and mosque
The steed—the steed has falter'd,
That never failed before;
The heart—the heart is altered—
Oh! will he come no more?"

The token-flowers she culled him
Have lost their hues of spring;
The lute that oft had lulled him,
Sleeps with a voiceless string!
Alas! Love ever closes
Her sweetest songs with sighs;
Love ever bathes *his* roses
With tears from maiden's eyes
A morning song he sings us
Of blooming skies and bowers;
The evening gifts he brings us—
Pale cheeks and wither'd flow'rs.

CHEMICAL CHANGE IN A LADY'S COMPLEXION.

It is well known that white oxide of bismuth, under the name of *Pearl white*, is used as a cosmetic by those of the fair sex who wish to become fairer. A lady thus painted was sitting in a lecture room, where chemistry being the subject, water impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas (Harrogate water) was handed round for inspection. On smelling this liquid, the lady in question became suddenly *black in the face*! Every one was of course alarmed at this sudden *chemical* change; but the lecturer explaining the cause of the phenomenon, the lady received no further injury than a salutary practical lesson to rely more on mental than personal and artificial beauty in future.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

This Hymn was written in the old French Revolution of 1789, and has ever since been in use:

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
Hark, hark what myriads bid you rise;
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries,
Shall hateful Tyrants mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty are bleeding?
To arms.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous Kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war let loose are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crime and blood his hands embruing?
To arms.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like tyrants bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Nor shall they longer lash and goad us.
To arms.

Oh, Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame;
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms.

☞ A day or so ago, some citizens of Allegheny, Pa., discovered a very neat white box floating down the Allegheny River. They at once brought it to the shore, and on opening it, they found a child in it alive!

☞ The Bishop of Havana has offered fifteen thousand dollars for West's painting of Christ Healing the Sick.

Biographical.

MEMOIR OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The Ex King of the French was born in Paris, October 6th, 1773, and consequently is now in his 75th year. He succeeded to the title of Duke of Orleans in 1793, after the death of his father, Philippe Egalite, who, it is well known, suffered by the guillotine in the sanguinary days of the Revolution. The Orleans branch of the Bourbon family, of which Louis Philippe is now the head, originated in Philippe, a younger son of Louis XIII., created Duke of Orleans by his elder brother, Louis XIV. The first Duke of Orleans was twice married, his second wife being Elizabeth Charlotte, of Bohemia, grand-daughter of James I., of England; thus connecting the houses of Orleans and Stuart, from the latter of whom the Queen of England, Victoria, is descended.

For many years Louis Philippe was exiled from France, travelling in various countries of Europe, and visiting the United States in his exile. While in Switzerland he engaged as a teacher in an academy for eight months, being then twenty years of age. It is a mistake, however, that he ever taught school in the United States, as is generally supposed.

He arrived in this country in November, 1796 and was joined by his two brothers, the three spending some time with General Washington, at Mount Vernon, by invitation, previous to making a journey through the Western country. After a tour to the Lakes and the Falls of Niagara, the Princes returned to Philadelphia, where they resided a few months. Having determined to join their mother in Spain, the Princes determined to go thither by way of New Orleans and Havana. For that purpose they again crossed the mountains of Pittsburg, and descending the Ohio and Mississippi river in a boat, arrived at New Orleans in February, 1798. Being refused a passage to Spain from Havana, whither they went from New Orleans, they sailed to New York, whence an English packet carried them to Falmouth, at which place they arrived in February, 1800. The Princes then took up their residence on the banks of the Thames, at Twickenham. They received much attention from the English nobility. They made a voyage to the island of Minorca, a passage being given them in a frigate by the British Government; but finding no opportunity of passing thence to Spain, which was then in a convulsed state, they returned to England, and resided for some years at Twickenham. The Duke of Orleans had the misfortune to lose both his brothers while in exile. The Duke of Montpensier died in England, in 1807, and his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey. The Count Beaujolais died at Malta, whither his brother accompanied him in 1808.

From Malta Louis Philippe went to Sicily, and accepted an invitation from Ferdinand, the King of Sicily, to visit the royal family at Palermo. During his residence there, he gained the affections of the Princess Amelia, the second daughter of the King, and with the consent of Ferdinand and the Duchess of Orleans, who had joined her son in Sicily, their marriage took place in November, 1809. By this lady, late Queen of the French, Louis Philippe has had eight children, of whom six still survive, viz:

1. Louisa, Queen of Belgium, (wife of Leopold,) born 1812.
2. Louis, Duke of Nemours, born 1814, married Victoria Augusta, of Coburg, cousin of Prince Albert.
3. Maria Clementina, born 1817,—unmarried.
4. Francis, Prince de Joinville, born 1818, Admiral of the French Navy, married Francisca, a sister of the Emperor of Brazil, and of the Queen of Portugal.
5. Henry, Duke d'Aumale, born 1822—married to Carolina, cousin of the King of the Two Sicilies.
6. Anthony, Duke of Montpensier, born 1824—married a sister of the Queen of Spain.

The oldest son of Louis Philippe was Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans, born 1810, killed by jumping from his carriage, July, 1842. He married, in 1837, Helena, daughter of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin—by whom he had two children, viz: Louis Philippe, (Count of Paris) born 1838, and now 10 years of age, and Robert Philippe, Duke of Chartres, born 1840.

At Palermo, Louis Philippe remained after his marriage, until 1814, when on the restoration of the Bourbons, he repaired to Paris, and was restored to his rank and honors. The return of Napoleon from Elba, in 1815, broke up his arrangements, and he sent his family to England, where he joined them, and again took up his residence at Twickenham.

On the restoration of Louis XVIII., the Duke returned to France, in September, 1815, and took his seat in the Chamber of Peers. The large estates to which he was entitled by inheritance being restored to him, he devoted his attention principally to the education of his family. His opulence enabled him to become the protector of the Fine Arts, and the patron of Letters, and few men in France were more popular during the career of the Bourbons. He was unexpectedly called from private life by the Revolution of the three days in July, 1830, when, on the abdication of Charles X., the Chamber of Deputies offered him the Crown, which he accepted on the 9th of August, 1830, and adopted the style and title of *Louis Philippe, King of the French*.

The Ex-King was a handsome man when young; his frame is now bulky, but there is much ease in his manners. He is ready in conversation, and was always remarkably affable to all.

Besides the young Count of Paris, grandson to the Ex-King, there are two other claimants to the French throne at this time, namely: first, the young Duke of Bordeaux, son of the Duke de Berri, and grandson to the late King, Charles X., who was the elder branch of the Bourbon family, and brother of Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII. Charles X., it will be recollected, was deposed in 1830.

Second, Louis Napoleon, son of the late Louis Bonaparte, who was for awhile King of Holland. The mother of this Prince was Hortense, daughter of Josephine, first wife of the Emperor Napoleon.

The claims of neither of these two Princes seem to be worth much now; the only chance, if a republic be not permanently established, is probably for the young Count of Paris, under the regency of his mother, the Duchess of Orleans, who is now 34 years of age.

THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.—A correspondent of the Tribune says:

The conduct of the Duchess d'Orleans is much applauded. She exhibited equal courage and sagacity. Perhaps, like the Duchess de Berri, she is the most of a man of her branch of the family. She may be heard of again. She is a German Princess of the House of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; a House in which, as in that of Saxe-Cobourg, they raise Princes and Princesses for exportation. It is the only legitimate business of the two houses. The lady was born at Ludwigslust, on the 24th of January, 1814, and is necessarily thirty-four years of age; she married, on the 30th of May, 1837, Ferdinand-Philippe-Louis Charles Henri, Duc d'Orleans, whose virtues are said to have been as numerous as his names. He died 13th July, 1842, jumping out of his carriage while the horses were at full speed. He left behind him by his wife two children; the eldest of whom was born on the 24th of August, 1838; the romance of his life is commencing early. He rejoices in the name of Louis-Philippe Albert d'Orleans, and in the titles of "Comte de Paris," "Prince Royal."

Helene-Louise-Elizabeth, present Duchess d'Orleans, (or Ex-Duchess, as the consummation or check of the Revolution may determine,) is a "strong-minded woman." She is not pretty, being too much Austrian for that; but is amiable, and of irreproachable character. Had she been more fascinating in her manners and person, more in fact good looking, she probably would have been more successful in the dramatic scenes she "got up" in the Chamber of Deputies; for Frenchmen, sometimes deaf to argument and constitutionally fearless, give in always to a lovely woman, especially if she be a Princess.—*N. Y. Express.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, March 25, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The general tenor of the Cambria's advices received at the close of our last weekly review, showing no alteration in the English markets for Breadstuffs, with the fact of continued light supplies, tended to unsettle the market in the early part of the week, and 2000 bbls standard brands at $6a6.12½ for common to fair, and $6.25a6.37½ for choice brands Pennsylvania and Western, including 500 bbls choice at $6.75—the market closing dull in consequence of the opening of the Canal works. Rye Flour—Supplies limited with a moderate demand—sales of 1500 bbls at $3.87a3.75 per bbl.—closing at the latter price. Corn Meal is not in active and Pennsylvania is wanted at our lowest quotations—3000 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $2.37a2.50, and 1300 bbls Brandywine at $2.50 per bbl.

GRAIN.—Supplies via canal are beginning to come in, but the receipts are yet limited—we note sales of 7000 bushels Pennsylvania and Western at $1.30a1.38 for fair to good reds, $1.36a1.40 for mixed, and $1.40 for prime white per bushel. Rye is steady in price—we note sales of 3000 bushels Pennsylvania in lots at 85, and 2000 bushels Northern, deliverable here, at equal to 84c. Corn has been in good demand, and we have to note the sales of 25,000 bushels Pennsylvania and Southern yellow at 53a52c early in the week, and since at 51c. Oats remain dull and prices depressed—sales of 2700 bushels Southern at 31a32c.

PROVISIONS.—There has been more doing in new Western Pork, and about 1000 bbls have been disposed of at $9.75a10.50 for Mess, and $8a8.50 for Prime per bbl. A sale of Mess Beef at $11. Bacon has also been in some demand, and 125 casks have changed hands this week, including Hams in pickle at 6½a6½, and cured do at 7a9 for plain, and 10a10½ cts for covered; Sides at 4a4½, and shoulders at 3a3½c. For Lard there has been more demand, with sales of 2500 pkgs Western at 7¼a8c in bbls and kegs. Butter continues scarce, with a moderate demand—we quote at 12a18c according to quality. Fair sales of Cheese at 6¼a6½c.

BARK.—The recent large sales of Quercitron have cleared the market, and only about 50 hhds sold at $32 per ton for 1st quality No. 1, and other grades in proportion.

BEESWAX.—Market quiet at steady rates. Near 3000 lbs good Yellow sold at 25c.

BREAD.—Prices have not varied this week.

CANDLES.—Steady sales of Sperm at 30a31c. In Tallow, no change.

COAL.—The demand for Anthracite continues on the most limited scale, and the few sales making have been at $3.37a3.50 for White Ash Lump, and $3.50a3.75 for Broken and Screened, delivered on board. Of Lehigh there have been cargo sales at Bristol at $3.62½ per ton. No shipments have yet been made from the mines.

COTTON.—The demand has been limited this week, and the sales show a decline of ¼c per lb since our last weekly review, amounting to 675 bales Upland and New Orleans at prices within our quotations:

	Upland.	Mobile & N. O.
Middling,	7¾ a 8	7½ a 8
Middling Fair,	8¼ a 8½	8¼ a 8½
Fair,	8¾ a 9	9 a 9¼

DOMESTIC GOODS.—The market presents no material alteration since our last weekly review.

FEATHERS.—The demand continues to a fair extent at steady prices. Sales of 12,000 lbs Western at 30a32c per lb as in quality.

FISH.—Mackerel are in moderate demand, and sales are making from store at $8.75a9.25 for No. 1, $6a7 for No. 2, and $4.75a5.25 for No 3 per bbl. The receipts continue quite limited. Sales of Codfish at $3.75 at per 112 lbs.

GINSENG.—Several small parcels good Crude sold at 28c per lb.

HEMP.—We hear of no sales this week.

HOPS.—Continue in demand at 6a7c.

LATHS.—A cargo of Eastern sold at $1.50 per M.

LEAD.—The market is somewhat firmer—sales of 1000 pigs at equal to 4½c on time.

LEATHER.—Demand to a fair extent without change in prices.

LUMBER.—The supplies of Carolina Lumber are to a fair extent, and several cargo sales have been made at $15a16.25 for Yellow Pine Flooring Boards. The Pennsylvania canals being now open, supplies from the Susquehanna and Lehigh are daily expected.

NAVAL STORES.—The demand for Rosin continues good, and there have been further sales of 2500 bbls common at 80a85c per bbl. Tar—Sales of 3a400 bbls at $2a2.25, and some Pitch at $1a1.12½ per bbl. Spirits of Turpentine is steady at 36a40c with moderate sales.

OILS.—The demand for Linseed is limited, with small sales at 63a64c. In Sperm and Whale the transactions have been limited at former rates. Sales of Lard Oil at 75c.

PLASTER.—No recent arrivals or sales.

SEEDS.—The receipts of Cloverseed are yet moderate, with a corresponding demand at previous prices—the week's sales amounting to 1000 bushels at from $3.50 to 4.25, according to quality—the latter rate for strictly prime free Seed. Further sales of Timothy at $3a3.25 per bushel.

SPIRITS.—For Brandy, Gin and Rum the demand has been limited, without change in prices. Whiskey sold early in the week at 23c in hhds, and 24 in bbls; since, hhds have sold at 22a22½, and bbls at 23a23c per gallon.

SPICES.—We note sales of 350 bags Pepper at 9a9½c; 1500 lbs Cloves at 8½, and some prime Nutmegs at $1.28, all 6 mos.

SUGARS.—The demand has been to a fair extent; but the wet weather at the close of the week has retarded operations—we note sales of 150 hhds Porto Rico at 4½a6½, 100 Cuba Muscovado at 4½a4½; 300 New Orleans at 4½a6½, and 600 boxes Cuba brown at 4¼c all on the usual credit.

TALLOW.—We quote at 9½a10c for Country and City Rendered.

TOBACCO.—The demand has been to a moderate extent without change in prices.

FREIGHTS.—Engagements have been made since our last at 30c per ton for Bark; 3s per bbl for Flour; 7d per Corn; 33a35s for Provisions; 5s for Seed, and 1d for Cotton.

COAL FREIGHTS.—Several vessels have been taken up this week at $2a2.25 to Boston; $3 to Portland; $1.75a1.87½ to Providence, and $1 to N. York.—*Bird. Reporter.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S Tr N 6s	101½	101½	Camden	30	—
Philada 6s	97	99	Germantown	44	—
County 6s	79	80	Pottsville	40	45
Penna 5s	73	73½	Trenton Bkg Co	32	—
Tennessee 5s	74	74½	Pittsburg	47	—
Cincinnati 6s	—	99	M & M, Pitts	48	50
Pittsburg 5s	—	81	Exchange, Pitts	49½	—
St Louis 6s	84	—	Kentucky Bk	77½	78½
Texas T Notes	10	13	Northern	67	69
Schuyl N 6s '58	62	62½	Union, Tenn	40	44½
Lehigh N M 6s	85	86	Vicksburg	10½	13
C & Del Cl 6s	78	80	N O Gas Bk	102	[illegible]
C & Am R 6s	95	97	Schuyl Nav	15	17
Susqueh Cl 6s	—	57	Lehigh Nav	29	31
Harrisburg R 6s	—	90	C & Del Cl	—	70
Wil R 6s	77	77½	Morris Cl	10½	11
Read R 6s '50	—	68½	Union Cl	38	40
Read R M 6s	—	69½	Susqueh Cl	13	14½
U S Bk Notes	87	90	Norristown R	12	13
U S Bk Shares	2½	3½	Harrisburg R	—	32½
N Amer Bk	114	118½	Reading R	—	19½
Penna Bk	—	278	Phil Ex Co	40	45
Philadelphia	119	120	Flem Copper	7	8
Far & Mechs	52½	53½	N J Copper	2½	2½
Commercial	51	51½	Neshanic Cop	½	—
Mechanics'	26	26½	U S 6s '67	101	101½
Kensington	57	58	" '62	102	103
P Township	29	30	" '56	102	102½
Girard	10½	11	" 5s '53	92	95
Man & Mechs	24½	25	" '51	90	91
Bk of Com	48	—	*Ledger.*		

CATTLE MARKETS.

BALTIMORE, March 24.—Beef Cattle—The offerings at the scales on Monday amounted to 386 head, 230 sold to city butchers at $3a3.75 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $6a7.25 nett, and averaging about $3.77½ gross. There were 156 head driven to Philadelphia. Sales since the above at prices slightly declined.

NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 25.

ASHES.—There is more inquiry for Pearls, and the sales reach 250 bbls on private terms, supposed at $7.62½a7.75. Pots are steady at $5.75a5.87½, with moderate sales.

BREADSTUFFS.—A moderate demand for the home trade; prices feebly supported; the sales are some 600 bbls in lots at $6.50a6.56¼ for Oswego, City Mills and Brooklyn; $6.62½ for pure Genesee and good Michigan, $7 for fancy, and $7.50 for extra. Of New Orleans the sales are small and supply limited; held at $6.50. In Southern limited sales of Howard street and Richmond county at $6.37½, closing heavy, with a downward tendency. Corn Meal is inactive; the sales are only 200 bbls Jersey at $2.50. Rye Flour is in fair demand, with sales of 250 bbls at $3.75a4. Buckwheat Flour is selling in small lots at $3.75 in bbls. Grain—We have no transactions in Wheat to report; it is generally held above the views of buyers, and the sales in consequence restricted. Genesee is held at $1.50a1.52, white Ohio at $1.40a1.43. Corn is in moderate demand for export, with sales of 18,000 bushels at 49c for New Orleans slightly heated, 50a51c for Southern mixed, 52a54c for Southern and Jersey yellow, the latter price for a superior lot to fill up a vessel, considered above the market. Oats are dull at 38a40c for Jersey and Southern, and 42a44c for river. A sale was made of 112 bbls prime white beans at $1.31¼ per bushel. Barley is in limited supply; no sales transpired. Rye is inactive; we have only to notice a sale of 1200 bushels Northern at 75c, to arrive soon.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Ohio pork is very dull, holders are firm at $10.25 for mess; $8.25 for prime; no sales of moment transpired. Beef is inactive at $8a8.12½ for country mess; $8.70 for city do; $5.25a5.75 for prime country and city. A sale of 150 tcs prime mess was reported at about $15. Pickled meats are not very plenty, and prime hams and shoulders are saleable at 7a7½c respectively. A sale was made of 180,000 lbs hams and shoulders, in bulk, at 5½ for the former, and 3½ for the latter. Lard is drooping; the sales are 450 bbls, in lots, at 6½c for No. 2, and 7a7½c for prime; and small sales of prime steam rendered at 6½c. The demand for export has fallen off. Butter comes in more freely, and fresh is saleable at 22a24c, and the tendency is downward. Cheese is firm, and in moderate demand, with a limited supply; the range is 7a8½c. Eggs—We note sales of 60 bbls, and 14½c per dozen.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says:—"There have been no transactions in the Tobacco market this week. The French news has completely unsettled the market, and dealers are unwilling to purchase until further news is received. The quotations are unchanged. The inspections are 323 hhds.

Political Intelligence

POLITICAL ITEMS.

The Select Committee on Capital Punishment, in the Senate of this State, have made a unanimous report in favor of its abolition.

Col. Richardson, a prominent supporter of Gen. Taylor, in Louisiana, has gone back to the Democratic ranks, because he believed Gen. Taylor to be a Whig.

The New Hampshire election sums up with 2,284 majority for the Democratic Governor, and 26 Democratic majority in the House. Council, 4 Democrats, 1 Opposition; Senate, 9 Democrats, 3 Opposition.

The Democratic candidate in the Congressional District represented by the late Mr. Adams, is Edward K. Whitaker. The District Convention nominated Mr. Woodbury for President.

In Mr. Webster's speech, on Thursday week, he argued strongly against the admission of new States, with two Senators each, while their population would scarcely give them more than a single representative in the House. He denounced it as a monstrosity, destructive to the Constitution. A country with a population no greater than Vermont, would have as many as sixteen Senators.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James K. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James and Robt. Barton.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of
REDDING & Co., No. 1, State Street, Boston.
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Of W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore Md.
Of SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

New Publications.

THE BLIND.

We have received the sixteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind. It is an exceedingly interesting document. Dr. Howe, the principal of the Asylum, in an appendix, gives some very strong proofs of the general bodily debility and consequent mental inferiority of the blind. He says:—

"By comparing the mortality among six hundred and seventeen blind persons, and among one thousand three hundred and eighty young men in college, during a period of ten years, I find that the difference is as ninety-eight to forty-four; that is to say, taking one thousand persons of each class and about the same age, and watching them through life, we shall find that when all the blind have died there will still be about half of the seeing ones alive. In other words, the chance of life among the blind is only one half what it is among the seeing.

"In answer to a series of questions put to a most most intelligent blind man, who has had ample means of knowledge, and whose deep interest in the welfare of his fellows would prevent him from having any unfavorable bias, the following information has been obtained:—

"'The number of males from which I make my estimate is one hundred. Of those, fifty are *decidedly inferior* in mental ability to the average of persons of their age and condition, and of these fifty, twenty-five are bordering on imbecility. Of the one hundred, three only could be considered superior, in point of bodily health and strength, to the average of seeing persons of their age and condition in life. Fifteen of the one hundred may be considered superior in mental ability to the average of seeing persons of their age. Of these fifteen, six were born blind.'

"'Questions put to teachers have been answered in about the same way: 'Of a class of thirty-four boys, nineteen were pronounced decidedly inferior in mental ability, seven to be almost imbecile or silly, and only three to be slightly above the average of intellectual powers: of the three, two were born blind. Not one of the thirty-four was above the average of seeing boys in physical health and strength.'"

Several other facts of the same kind are given, going to prove the inferiority of the mental powers of the blind.

The fact being *proved*, it is very easy to account for it. The mind depends upon the senses in a great degree for its nourishment—and the sight is perhaps the most important of the senses.

That the blind as a class have less bodily health and vigor, and consequently less mental power than those who are not thus afflicted, instead of making them less interesting, makes them more so. They have a right, not only to more sympathy, but to more aid and assistance. They are our brethren by their birthright; their infirmity is no fault of their own; and they may claim at the hands of society, not only education, but the means and opportunity of useful and honorable occupation.

The following upon the causes of blindness, should be read and pondered by every man and woman:

CAUSES OF BLINDNESS.

"Men violate the natural laws; they 'go out of the way' of nature. Nature would bring them back; she sends outward ailments as signs of inward infirmities: this not being enough, she says, I will visit these infirmities upon your children to the third and fourth generation; if ye will not mind for your own sakes, ye shall for theirs.

"I believe that a general knowledge of the existence of this stern and inexorable law will do more to diminish the number of infirmities with which the human race is afflicted than any thing else can do, and I shall therefore dwell still longer upon it in reference to the blind.

"The experience of many years, an acquaintance with several hundreds of blind persons, and much personal inquiry, have convinced me that when children are born blind, or when they become blind early in life, in consequence of diseases which do not usually destroy the sight, the predisposing cause can be traced to the progenitors in almost all cases. Moreover, I believe that, where the predisposing cause cannot be so traced, it is only in consequence of our ignorance, and not because there are exceptions to the rule.

"When the parents or relatives of blind children are questioned in a way which seems to imply the suspicion of the existence of some hereditary cause of the infirmity, they at first deny the possibility of such cause, and often repel the supposition indignantly, as something derogatory to the honor of the family. They usually do this, also, in all honesty and sincerity; for they are not aware of the number and extent of the causes.

"A single case which occurred recently,—one out of a hundred similar ones,—may illustrate my meaning. I was questioning a man as to the causes of the blindness of his son, about which he was not only in ignorance, but, much worse, in error; for he half believed that his wife having seen the eyes of a cat glittering in the dark had something to do with it. As for any hereditary cause, he never dreamed of it; and yet this man himself was exceedingly purblind; he could not see a thing without poking his nose into it; and always went about with his eyes half shut, and winking and blinking when the daylight was strong. I found, upon inquiry, that *his own sister* was as purblind as himself, and could never bear the strong light of day without half closing her eyes; and, moreover, that his father and mother were of feeble temperament, and *full cousins*.

"It is common to say of certain families, of which perhaps, only one person was quite mad, that 'there is *something odd* about all the members of it.' Now, if we could see the manifestations of *tendencies* to a morbid condition of the body, as we see the tendencies to insanity in strange actions of men, we should discover them where none are supposed to exist.

"In the second place, diseased tendencies in parents, whether derived from their ancestors, or planted in their constitutions by intemperance or abuse, do not always manifest themselves by the reappearance of the same infirmity or disease in the offspring. Scrofula, for instance, will reappear in a thousand forms; it may be blindness, it may be deafness, it may be white swelling, it may be something else. I have known cases where it was impossible to find any instances of blindness occurring in a family previous to the one under examination, and yet, upon further inquiry, learned that there had been cases of insanity and mutism among the immediate relatives. I am forced to conclude, in such cases, that there is some peculiarity in the physical organization of one of the parents or progenitors, which entails upon the offspring strong morbid tendencies.

"But laying aside such cases, there are many where the hereditary tendencies to blindness are so manifest in parties who marry, that the probabilities of the offspring being blind are fearfully great. There are cases in which the parents are the authors of their children's blindness, as much as though they gouged their eyes out after they were born. They may sin in ignorance, but God will not remit the penalty of the sin because another had been committed in the neglect of mental culture.

"A clear understanding of this law of the transmission of diseased tendencies, both of body and mind, will do much towards banishing disease and suffering from among the children of men.

"It will be seen that the wit of man cannot devise a way of escape from the penalty of a violated law of nature; that not a single debauch, not a single excess, not a single abuse of any animal propensity, ever was, or ever can be committed without more or less evil consequences;—that sins of this kind are not and cannot be forgiven. There may be those who will harden their hearts, and stiffen their necks, and be willing to bide the consequences to themselves for the sake of the sensual pleasures. But there will appear in the far-off and shadowy future the beseeching forms of little children,—some halt, or lame, or blind, or deformed, or decrepit,—crying, in speechless accents, 'Forbear, for our sakes; for the arrows that turn aside from you are rankling in our flesh;' others, having the seeds of direful passions,—envy, hatred malice, uncleanliness,—say sadly, 'Oh, bridle your passions, or they will tear us asunder like wild horses!' Then it shall be seen, that, if the fathers will eat sour grapes, the children's teeth shall be set on edge: that many a mother is responsible for the pride, the vanity, the lust of her daughter; that many a father is as guilty of the death of his son upon the gallows as though he twisted the rope about his neck with his own hands.

"Then many a woman will rouse herself to the stern duty of observance of every law of health, of abstinence from all luxury and all slothfulness, for the sake of those dear ones that may be born to her; and many a man will abandon sensual indulgence which he would have clung to through life but for fear of cursing his future offspring with hellish passions.

"Then will come to such an exalted pitch of virtue, as to forego their dearest hopes, and resolutely keep aloof from any relations of life that might cause them to hand down bodily or mental infirmities upon the innocent ones of the coming generations.

"Then will light be thrown upon the laws of 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness' from generation to generation, and the wisdom and goodness of God be made manifest even in them.

"Then many a case of blindness, or deafness, or infirmity, instead of being looked upon as a mysterious dispensation of Providence, will be seen to be only the penalty of a violated law which was enacted in kindness and love.

"Then the love of God to men will be manifested even in afflictions, and His praise will be perfected out of disease and suffering, as well as out of health and enjoyment.

"Then it will be seen, that, if this world is a vale of tears, if it is full of deformity, and suffering, and sickness, and crime, it is man, and not God, that maketh it so."

The following are given as the best means of preventing blindness:

"The means consist in avoidance of sedentary occupations, especially those which try the eyes; great care about reading or working for a long-continued time, or by a feeble light; strict temperance in food and drink; and constant and active exercise in the open air. By these means many a one will have tolerable eye-sight at threescore years, who would otherwise have been purblind at twenty, and quite blind at thirty.

"Moreover, great good will be done, if persons having the care of the blind can be persuaded that the way to give them intellectual strength, vigor of purpose, and persevering courage, is to begin by training the body to hardihood and health."

JOHN DONKEY. The last number of this periodical is a capital one. The cuts are first rate—*cuts* indeed. But the following extracts from it will give our readers a better opinion of its humor than anything we could say:

CALOMEL AND CHOLERA.

Somebody has written "the only sensible" letter on the cholera, to the London Times, in which it is contended that the last and only hope of curing the cholera is to attack it in the diarrhœa stage with calomel and opium, in the proportion of twenty grains of the former to two of the latter. If this is so, we shall beg to run our chance with the cholera—as the calomel and opium would leave us no hope? Have physicians who prescribe such doses, no bowels?

COOLNESS; A TALE ABOUT A HEAD.

Jake was a little negro who belonged to Dr. Taliaferro; and was said to have in his little frame a heart as big as General Jackson's—to say nothing of Napoleon Bonaparte and Zack Taylor. He didn't fear even our respectable fellow-citizen, Old Nick; and as for coolness—he was as cool as the tip-toe of the North Pole.

One day, Dr. Taliaferro, upon occasion of the commencement of a Medical College, of which he held the chair of Anatomy, gave a dinner. Among his guests was a well-known ventriloquist. Late in the evening, after the bottle had done its work, the conversation turned upon courage, and the Doctor boasted considerably of the lion-heart of his favorite man, Jake. He offered to bet that nothing could scare him; and this bet the ventriloquist took up, naming at the same time the test he wanted imposed. Jake was sent for and came.

"Jake," said the Doctor, "I have bet a large sum of money on your head, and you must win it. Do you think you can?"

"Berry bell, marster," replied Jake, "jest tell dis nigga what he's to do, an' he'll do it, shore."

"I want you to go to the dissecting-room. You will find two dead bodies there. Cut off the head of one with a large knife which you will find there, and bring it to us. You must not take a light, however; and don't get frightened."

"Dat's all, is it?" inquired Jake. "Oh! berry bell. I'll do dat shore for sartin; and as for being frighten, the debbil himself aint a gwine to frighten me."

Jake accordingly set off, and reaching the dissecting-room, groped about, until he found the knife and the bodies. He had just applied the former to the neck of one of the latter, when from the body he was about to decapitate, a hollow and sepulchral voice exclaimed—

"*Let my head alone!*"

"Yes, sah," replied Jake, "I aint 'ticlar; and tudder head 'll do jes as well."

He accordingly put the knife to the neck of the next corpse, when another voice, equally unearthly in its tone, shrieked out—

"*Let my head alone!*"

Jake was puzzled at first; but answered presently—

"Look a yah! Master Tolliver sed I mus bring *one* ob de heads, an' you isn't gwine to fool me, no how!" and Jake backed away until he separated the head from the body. Thereupon half a dozen voices screamed out—

"*Bring it back! bring it back!*"

Jake had reached the door, but on hearing this turned round, and said—

"Now—now, see yah! Jes you keep quiet, you dam fool, an' don't wake up de women folk.—Marster's only gwine to look at the bumps."

"*Bring back my head at once!*" cried the voice.

"Tend to you, right away, sah!" replied Jake, as he marched off with the head; and in the next minute deposited it before the Doctor.

"So you've got it, I see," said his master.

"Yes, sah," replied the unmoved Jake, "but please be done lookin' at him soon, *kase de gemplin tell me to fotch him back right away.*"

WAGGERIES AND VAGARIES. This volume contains a series of sketches, humorous and descriptive, by W. E. Burton, the comedian. The dedication, to Constant Guillou, Esq., is very felicitous. The sketches themselves are superior to any thing of the kind we have seen lately. Parts of "Thaumaturgia" especially, are capital—though we thought it rather dragged towards the end. "My First Fight" is also very good. The volume is illustrated by eight original engravings, designed by Darley, whose name is a warrant for excellence. Published and for sale by *Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.*

THE UNION MAGAZINE. The April number of the Union is an excellent one. The engravings are a Fashion Plate, "The Lost Glove," and "Memory"—the last, representing an old man musing in his chair, with the shapes of his boyhood and early manhood around him, is an admirable picture. The designer, T. H. Matteson, deserves great credit:—The literary contents are a tale by J. Bayard Taylor, "The Hindoo Anchorite," by L. Maria Child, and articles by Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Hunter, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Campbell, &c.

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE. The April number of this Magazine strikes us as superior both in adornments and literary merit, to any number we have seen for some time. "Eunice Marston" is an interesting picture, and makes us long to read the accompanying story. The engraving of "Beirout and Mount Lebanon," is also a good one. The Fashion Plate is tolerable. The contributions are by Mrs. Kilet, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Butler, H. G. Lee, H. H. Paul, T. S. Arthur, &c.

THE GREAT IRON WHEEL REVIEWED. This is a defence of the Methodist Episcopal Church against charges made by Rev. F. A. Ross, and Rev. A. Converse, D. D. The author is Francis Hodgson, D. D. It is published and for sale by *Thomas Stokes, No. 8 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.*

THE LURES. We have received the first number of a weekly miscellany with this title. It is a very pretty sheet. Published by *J. Shipley Jones, corner of Second and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. Price $2.50 a year.*

Items of News.

TEA AND COFFEE.—It appears by statistics published in London, that the consumption of coffee in the United States is greater than in England, and the consumption of tea in England is greater than in the United States. The coffee consumption in England is 1 lb. 13½ oz. per head. In the United States, 7½ lb. per head per annum. The tea consumption, on the other hand, is, for England, 1 lb. 10 oz. per head, and for this country ⅞ lb. per head.

THE WORKS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—Mr. Charles Francis Adams is very shortly to publish the works of his illustrious father, in some fifteen or twenty large octavo volumes. The deceased statesman, who carefully revised them for publication, by his will appropriated a sum of money to defray the expenses of printing. It is said that Mr. Adams has left a fortune of half a million of dollars.

POPULATION OF ITALY.—A statistical account of the population of Italy up to the end of last year, gives the following numbers:—The Two Sicilies, 8,366,000; Tuscany and Lucca, 1,701,760; Monaco, 7,580; San Marino, 7,950; Modena, 483,000; Parma and Placentia, 477,000; Venitian Lombardy, 4,749,000; Italian Tyrol, 522,808; Istria, 456,000; total, 21,567,239.

THE FRENCH THRONE.—A gilded chair, covered with velvet, and the letters "L. P." (Louis Philippe) on the back, surmounted by a golden crown, constituted the Throne of France, which the people destroyed in front of the palace on the 24th of February.

THE LATE CRISIS IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Herries, in the House of Commons, on the 17th ult., estimated the whole loss sustained by the 290 important British failures of business firms, last year, at $150,000,000.

BARBECUES.—The Grand Jury of Richland county, South Carolina, have presented the custom pursued by candidates for public offices of giving barbecues, and treating at public places. This is represented as debasing and corrupting the morals of their constituents, the community around them, and producing such a state of things as altogether to exclude "the honorable, the talented and high-minded poor man" from occupying any office of trust or honor in the district.

LOOK AT THIS.—In monarchical Great Britain, her thirty millions of people sent through the mails eleven letters each, at two cents a letter, during the year 1847, while in republican America, her twenty millions of people only sent through the mails during the same time two and a half letters each, at 5 to 10 cents a letter.

LAKE DISASTERS IN 1847.—The Cleveland Herald publishes a list of disasters to vessels on the Lakes during the last year—ninety-seven in all—and, in view of so appalling a fact, expresses a hope that it will awaken in our Representatives at Washington a proper interest in our harbor improvements.

BUSTLES.—We can imagine a bustle on the floor of Congress.—*True Sun.*

We can't exactly imagine that, but we can imagine the consternation, the intense curiosity and the significant looks such an article in such a situation would occasion.—*Dispatch.*

☞ The united length of the German railways amounts to four hundred and seventy geographical miles. In Austria, one hundred and thirty-five; and along the Upper Rhine, about sixty.

Original Essay.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

NO. V.

Sec. 3. Of Women Considered as Mothers.

Having examined what are the rights or rather the wrongs of women, considered as members of the Commonwealth, and as wives, let us now see what is their condition as mothers.

Nature has wisely implanted in women the strongest possible attachment to their offspring. Men love their children, but children are interwoven with every fibre of the female heart. The danger of her children is doubly felt by woman, every sensation, every feeling has a corresponding sensation and feeling in a mother's breast. Who has not perceived that a mother suffered more pain from apprehended danger to her son, than he ever felt? Regardless of this strong attachment, the law tears away her children from her, breaks the cords of affection, and leaves her wretched heart bleeding and disconsolate. The father has, according to the law of England, adopted in most of the States, the right to the control of his children. He may separate them from their mother, allowing her occasionally to see them; he has the sole direction of their education, may send them to school or not at his pleasure, teach what trades he pleases or none at all; put before them a good example or an evil one; give them associates of the vilest character or of an opposite kind; in a word control them in all their actions, and the poor mother has not the legal right to interfere in any thing. Unlike the hen which sees the merciless hawk ready to pounce upon her progeny, the mother cannot spread her protecting wings to shelter her offspring. When the parents separate, the father has in general the right to the possession of the children, whether he be well qualified or otherwise. It is true, in some of the States, as in Pennsylvania, the courts have wisely adopted the rule that when the parents dispute the right to possess the children separately, all things being equal between them, they will prefer the father, but if owing to his dissipation or incapacity, he is not as well qualified as the mother, they will award the children to the latter; this is not, however, a favor to the mother, because the courts then consider what is best to be done for the good of the child regardless of the rights or feelings of either parent. This is an exception to the general rule which is, as I have above stated, that the father as such is entitled to the sole custody of his child.

This power of the father lasts not only during his life time, but he may extend it beyond his death, *by delegating it to another, who then has a better right than the mother.* He may by will appoint a guardian to his child, and the guardian stands in his place.

We have seen that as a member of the commonwealth, woman is compelled to bear burdens without any representation in the legislature, that she is not entitled to any of the advantages which men possess; that as a wife she is treated as a nonentity whenever she would derive any advantage by being otherwise considered; that she is treated as being independent of her husband when she is to suffer any penalty; that she is stript of her property and deprived of her rights, and that these are put into the hands of her husband; that she is bound to obey his whims or caprice, and is subject to his cruelty, without redress; and lastly that she may be deprived of her children by a brutal or thoughtless husband. And these are the laws of a polished, a civilized people, of a people who justly boast the most glorious institutions for the promotion of human freedom and the growth of man as an intellectual being. These are the laws which govern millions of human beings in the United States of America.

BUBULCUS.

General News.

CHLOROFORM.

A Mr. Hattman has been giving his reasons in England for believing that the extraordinary properties of Chloroform, the production of insensibility and the creation of dreams, were known in very remote times, but used most probably for magical purposes only. He first drew attention to the words *formica* and *myrmex*, the Latin and Greek names of the ant, the insect which yields the formic acid. These words, together with *morpho*, the Greek word for form, he stated to have a common origin, and to have reference to the property of creating dreams or immaterial forms.—They also gave the name of Morpheus to the God of Dreams, and furnished the root of numerous words having reference to those things which produce sleep and dreams, as well as to the various phenomena connected therewith, and even to death itself—viz., Mors, which the ancients personified as the Brother of Sleep. Admitting these points, the speaker said they contained ample proof that in giving the names *formica* and *myrmex* to the ant, the ancients selected that distinguishing property which the insect possessed of inducing dreams or forms (*morphæ*,) and this would carry back the knowledge of this property to a very remote antiquity—probably to the time when the Magian College in Chaldea was in its zenith, and when chemistry and astronomy flourished under the influence of religious zeal.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

The association (in Europe) for the propagation of the faith, have granted to the missions in America, this year: $5,000 to the Bishop of Dubuque; $6,000 to the Bishop of Detroit; $4,000 to the Bishop of Cincinnati; $3,000 to the Bishop of Philadelphia; $3,000 to Richmond; $4,000 to Bishop Hughes, New York; $1,000 to Priests of Mercy, N. Y.; $2,000 to Hartford; $3,000 to Nashville; $3,000 to Louisville; $8,000 to Bishop of Vincennes, and $3,000 to congregation of Holy Cross, same diocese; $6,000 to St. Louis; $2,250 to Milwaukie; $3,500 to Bishop of Little Rock; $7,500 to Bishop Quarter at Chicago; $3,500 to Natchez; $4,750 to New Orleans; $7,500 to Mobile; $8,000; to Charleston; $6,000 to Lazarists in the United States; $2,150 to Society of Jesus, Mo.; $9,000 to Society of Jesus, in Rocky Mountains; $760 to Dominicans in do.; $10,000 to Dr. Odin, Vicar Apostolic, Texas; $5,000 to Jesuit Missions in America; $26,000 to West Indian and South American Missions; $11,000 to the Archbishop of Oregon city; $4,000 to Vicar Apostolic, Hudson's Bay; $26,000 to British American Missions; $11,500 to Oblats, Canada, and Hudson's Bay; $6,000 to Jesuits in Canada. These grants, with the donations of the people, will uphold a very large number of missionaries of the Church of Rome on this continent.

FROM MEXICO.

Tehualtaplan has been captured by the Americans under General Lane and Colonel Hays. A thousand Mexican lancers were stationed there. One hundred Mexicans are estimated to have been killed; the loss of the Americans was one killed and four wounded. About fifty prisoners were taken.

It is rumored that Generals Pillow and Worth have been restored to their commands.

The anniversary of the debarkation of the American troops was celebrated at Vera Cruz on the 9th ult.

The Archbishop at the capital had submitted a written protest against the heavy assessments that had been levied upon the Church property.

Santa Anna was again at Tehuacan on the 12th. The Government had granted him a passport, but it was supposed that his asking it was a mere ruse to deceive, and enable him to put himself at the head of a large body of troops.

The Court Martial demanded by General Worth had not been convened.

The last advices from Queretaro state that the Congress was coming together very slowly. At the last meeting, twenty-one members were present.

THE IRON INTEREST.

A Convention of Iron Masters from the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, was recently held in Harrisburg. A series of resolutions were reported from a Committee, recommending the appointment of Standing Committees to report the present condition of the coal and mining interests, the manufacture of pig iron, and the casting of bar iron and nails, and to recommend some plan of organization under which those interested in the coal and iron interests may meet for the purpose of exchanging opinions.

THE ORIGINAL OFFER.

By the letter of instructions sent by Mr. Buchanan to Mr. Slidell, before the breaking out of the war, he was directed to offer for the boundary of the Rio Grande, the assumption by the United States of the debt due our citizens from Mexico. For the balance of New Mexico, $5,000,000. For do. do. with a line due West to the Pacific, so as to give us the Bay of San Francisco, $20,000,000. For do. do. if run so as to give us also Californian Monterey, $25,000,000.

A SHIPWRECK.

The British brig Barbara, in attempting to reach St. Johns, N. F., mistook the land and drifting into a cove, went ashore, and on account of the heavy surf struck a cliff, and stove a hole in the vessel's bow.

Thirty-five individuals managed to reach the shore; and in about five minutes after, the Barbara fell over and went down, carrying with her *about one hundred and fifteen souls, among whom was Capt. Skinner of the B.*

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 21st, Mr. Hale presented several abolition petitions—among them one signed by citizens of Pennsylvania, praying for an immediate and peaceful dissolution of the Union. On all these the question of reception was raised, and the petition laid on the table.

On motion, it was ordered that 1,500 copies of Henry A. Wise's correspondence relative to the slave trade, be published for the use of the Senate.

Mr. Badger offered an amendment to strike out the appropriation for the mission to Rome.

[There was an error in the Congressional reports last week. Mr. Benton's amendment to substitute a Minister Plenipotentiary for a Charge to the Italian States was *rejected*—instead of being adopted. The vote stood, ayes 13, nays 28.]

In the course of the debate that ensued, Mr. Foote alluded to a refusal made by Mr. Badger, to yield the floor to him while speaking, and desired to know whether any personal insult was meant.

Mr. Badger replied that he did not intend the least indignity, but as he was at the time answering the argument of another Senator, he did not see how any inquiry the Senator from Mississippi might have to propound could enlighten him on the subject.

The question was then taken on Mr. Badger's amendment, and decided in the negative.

Mr. Hannegan moved to amend the appropriation so as to substitute a Minister resident at Rome, and the yeas and nays being taken on this motion it was also decided in the negative; yeas 19, nays 23. After a slight amendment the bill was read a third time and passed. A simple Charge d'Affaires will be accordingly accredited to Rome.

On the 22nd, Mr. Yulee moved to take up the bill relative to the purchase of American hemp for the use of the Navy, which was agreed to. The bill was read a second and third time and passed.

Mr. Cass gave notice that he would call up the Volunteer Bill as soon as the Loan Bill was disposed of.

On the 23rd, on motion of Mr. Atherton, the Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the Loan Bill.

Mr. Webster, who was entitled to the floor, addressed the Senate on the subject, in his most earnest and effective manner. He said it had been supposed by the country at large that they had been engaged for a fortnight or more, in secret session, with closed doors, and that a treaty had been ratified which would give to the Union an enduring and substantial peace, staunch the wounds of war; stop the dreadful effusion of blood; cut off our rapidly accumulating national expenses, and permit our friends, our children, if they were yet living, to return from the land of slaughter. This had been every where received with demonstrations of joy; but hardly had the halcyon notes which proclaimed it ceased, ere we were summoned, as the representatives of the people, to pass a bill to raise ten new regiments, for the further prosecution of the war. We were called upon to furnish the means to strike at the vital part of Mexico, and to press home, by fire and sword, the payment of those claims insisted upon in the treaty for an ignoble peace.

Mr. Webster alluded to the singular circumstance that in the instance of this treaty the usual order of diplomatic proceedings had been reversed. It had been customary to negotiate first and then to ratify—while we first ratify a treaty and then send two Commissioners to negotiate its terms.

He expressed his repugnance to some of the terms of the treaty. He was opposed to the acquisition of new territory; he was opposed to the prosecution of the war for any such object. He supposed for the avowal of such sentiments he should be denounced as a "Mexican Whig." Though a Whig, he did not like the Mexicans, but if there were any who did, he thought the greatest Mexican in this country, in that sense, was the Senator from Michigan, (Mr. Cass.)

Mr. Cass would like to inquire of the Senator how he was the greatest?

Mr. Webster replied, that the Senator had afforded Mexico, "aid and comfort," by his assertion when the Ten Regiment Bill was under discussion, that its object was only to frighten Mexico into a compliance with our terms, and not to do her any harm. This had been openly said, and must have its effect, when known.

Mr. Webster charged that the great object of the Ten Regiment Bill was to secure the political patronage which would result from the creation of so many new appointments. He hoped the bill would never be passed, and wished the numerous seekers after office a safe return to their homes in good health, and to friends who would be rejoiced to see them.

He protested again against the acquisition of any new territory; he did not want it; he did not believe the people in any section of the Union wanted it, and was convinced they would not support a war, begun, continued and now prosecuted solely for such acquisition. He was for letting Mexico keep her territory and for our keeping our money.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 21st, Mr. Clingman rose to a privileged question, which was to move the reconsideration of the vote by which the House the day before ordered the message from the President to be printed, which covered the correspondence between Mr. Trist, Gen. Scott, and our Government.

Mr. C. addressed the House, and gave his reasons for this motion. He said the correspondence was imperfect, and had been garbled by the Administration. If the House determined to print it, the whole subject should be at their disposal—if that could not be obtained, he did not want any printed. It was not, evidently, the wish of the House for an imperfect record of such an important correspondence to go forth to the world under its sanction.

Mr. Jacob Thompson followed and defended the Administration from the various charges alleged. He said that the correspondence was not garbled, and the passages omitted were only stricken out because they alluded to the Court of Inquiry to be held at Perote.

Mr. Haskell followed, and commented with severity upon the conduct of the war by the Administration, including the treatment of General Taylor, blaming the President for all the blood that had been spilled.

Mr. McLane replied to Mr. Haskell's speech, defending the Administration and assailing the Whigs.

On the 22nd, Mr. Cummings asked unanimous leave to introduce resolutions expressive of sympathy with the efforts of republicanism in France, but objections were made.

On motion of Mr. Stephens, the House took up the orders of the day upon Mr. Clingman's motion to reconsider the vote by which the House on Monday ordered the message from the President to be printed, which covered the correspondence between Mr. Trist, General Scott and our Government.

Mr. Inge, of Alabama, addressed the House, and deprecated the introduction of politics into all debates, though he was a party man himself. He then sketched the Mexican campaign and the causes of the war, and defended the course of the Administration. He spoke with a loud voice and measured articulation.

He assailed Gen. Pillow's statement in relation to his losing a hat at the battle of Cerro Gordo.—The Speaker called him to order several times on account of personalities. He concluded his speech by an assault on the Whig party.

Clippings.

☞ The Grand Jury of New York have found bills of indictment against the lessees or proprietors of the following places, where "model artists" have been for some time exhibited: Palmo's Theatre, Panteaux's Saloon, Tier's do., Temple of the Muses, Novelty Hall and Anatomical Museum.

☞ "Glory is like a circle in the water,
"Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
"Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.

☞ It is a curious circumstance that blockheads are generally far better story-tellers than clever men. This, indeed, so often holds true, that when I hear of a person being great at story-telling, I am apt to place him in the catalogue of asses.—*Marnish.*

☞ Some people know a great deal which they don't choose to tell. It is wonderful to see what a sagacious countenance they will put on. Some will wink the eye. Ah! they are so deep—very deep. So is the head of a horse, or an ass's ear.

☞ The New York Express has seen a letter from a gentleman in Paris which states as among the evidences of public feeling in favor of a Republic, that the American Flag (the Stars and Stripes,) was hoisted in many quarters of the city.

☞ Mr. Webster has been suddenly called from Washington to the bedside of a sick and beloved daughter. On Thursday week he addressed the Senate on the war with Mexico, and immediately left for Boston.

☞ The British Government, through their Consul in Boston, have awarded £500 sterling, to be distributed to the owners and crew of the barque Byron, of Stonington, Conn., and a gold medal to her Captain (Reed,) for rescuing 19 British seamen on the coast of Patagonia.

☞ The Mississippi, in its onward course, has forced our contemporary of the Helena Journal to change his location. In his paper of the 2nd ult., the editor of the Journal says: "Where our office was two weeks ago, now runs the Mississippi. Out of respect to this river we had to leave, and the building we occupied had to be moved."

☞ "You want a flogging, that's what you want," said a paternal parent to his unruly son. "I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it," replied the independent youngster.

☞ A man in a passion is like Vesuvius in an eruption—vomiting forth flames and red hot stones which descend immediately into its own bosom, till chance directs them over the edge of the crater, to deal destruction to others.

☞ The news of the Revolution in France was carried by an express locomotive from London to Glasgow, 472 miles, in ten hours—the average running time being 50 miles an hour.

☞ According to Dr. Lyon Playfair, at London prices, a man can buy a pound of flesh on his body with milk, at 3s.; with turnips, at 3s. 9d.; with potatoes, carrots and butchers' meat, free from bones and fat, at 2s.; with oatmeal, at 1s. 10d.; with bread, flour and barley-meal, at 1s. 2d.; and with beans at less than 6d.

☞ Gun Cotton is said to be blown out of the field by nitric mannite—a compound of nitric acid and manna.

☞ Lord Campbell, in his "Lives of the Chancellors," says that Lord Tenderson, the celebrated Judge, expired with these words on his lips—"Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict."

☞ Kitchen girls are now termed "young ladies of the other parlor." People who grind knives, scissors and razors, "gentlemen of the revolution." Folks that dig clams are termed "profound investigators."

☞ It is said that there are two women who apply for divorces to one man. This is natural, for the weight of infidelity is most frequently on the man.

☞ "What blessings children are!" as the parish clerk said, when he took the fees for christening them.

☞ A lively Irish writer speaks of "a dish of potatoes, roasted on the turf ashes, just bursting their drab surtouts and exposing the delicate whiteness of their mealy bosoms."

☞ It is said to be an excellent plan always to measure a man's length before you kick him, for it is better to bear an insult than to make an unsuccessful attempt at thrashing a fellow, and get your eye teeth knocked out.

☞ On one occasion, during the progress of Mr. Hastings's trial, Mr. Fox, struck by the solemnity of Lord Thurlow's appearance, said to the Speaker, "I wonder whether any one ever was so wise as Thurlow looks."

☞ "One thing I have noticed in all great surgical operations," says Dr. Bede, "they are always followed by a *post-mortem* examination."

☞ It has been said that any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be intelligible, is an enemy to his profession.

☞ Why is a tear in secret like a vessel of war? Because it is a *private-teer.*

☞ The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter. And those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

☞ Organ pedals that give a tone, and are capable of being adapted to any piano-forte, appear to be among the modern musical inventions of Germany.

☞ "Grass is the hair of the earth, and Zephyr the comb which arranges it," is a passage quoted from recent discoveries in Oriental literature, by a scientific agent of the French Government in Algeria. We suppose grasshoppers then, are the ——.

☞ Prince Lucien Murat, of Bordentown, has sailed for France, full of enthusiasm in the cause of her new institutions.

☞ Brewer's yeast and cold water, with a milk diet, is said to be a certain cure for the small pox.

☞ Funny graphy.

Oigrimes ceeded, that gudol sole,
Wenere shalsey im ore;
E and 2 ware anole grn cote,
Olbot a'd doun b4.

☞ The auctioneer at the horse-market is supposed to be a very powerful man, as he knocked down several horses the other day.

☞ A London paper mentions a report that a young and noble Earl, at Trinity College, Cambridge, has just got married to the daughter of a shoemaker.

☞ Why is Graham diet improper for man? Because it is not *meet* for him.

☞ At the last accounts from the copper regions of Lake Superior, the snow was four feet deep on a level.

☞ A woman is now confined in the prison at Nantes, for having killed her husband. The reason she assigns, was on account of his selling a pig for too small a sum.

☞ It was Byron said:

"That lovely woman had one rosy mouth,
That I might kiss them all from north to south.

☞ The Cincinnati Chronicle notices the arrival there from Augusta, Ga., of a colored woman and her twelve children, who had been set free and been bequeathed between forty and fifty thousand dollars by their father at his decease.

☞ Fergus O'Connor wants £1,000 to defend his seat at Nottingham. "Let no time be lost," he says, "only think that if two hundred and forty thousand persons subscribe one penny each, the £1,000 is got."

☞ It is said that it has lately been a common practice to hiss while "God save the Queen," is being performed in the theatres of Dublin.

☞ The Egyptians believed that they should rise again in three thousand years; and now it is just about the time when they are taken up out of their graves, unshrouded and exposed to the eyes of men once more, in the shape of mummies.

☞ The largest forest set apart for red deer which exists in Scotland, is the forest of Atholl, where one hundred thousand English acres are given up to them.

☞ The good folks of Doylestown are all agog about a ghost which is said to walk the night in that vicinity in the semblance of a lady with a white veil. Humbug, no doubt.

☞ "In fifty years Europe will be Republican or Cossack," said Napoleon on the island of St. Helena.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER. *No. 24 South Third Street.* *Philadelphia, April 1, 1848.*

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	20 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	1 dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	2 dis
Susquehanna county	2½ dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bank	—
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	—
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	¼ dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	80 dis
Yard Del Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	¼ dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	1 dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	2 dis
Far and Millers bk.	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	20 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	35 dis
Atlas bank	35 dis
State bk—Saugerties	3
Northern Ex. bk	2 dis
Country banks	1 dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branch's	1½ dis
Far. Bk. & branch's	do dis
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	2 dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	2 dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	unc
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	60 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	4½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' bank	—

SECOND VOCAL ENTERTAINMET.
THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY

HAVE the pleasure to announce their 2d VOCAL ENTERTAINMENT, at the Assembly Building, on FRIDAY Evening, March 31. Their *Third* and *Last Concert* will be given at the above Hall on TUESDAY Evening, April 4th.
A choice and attractive programme will be introduced on each evening.
ADMISSION 50 Cents each.
Performance to commence at ¼ before 8. For particulars see small bills. 1t

THE WAY TO EARN A FARM.
A GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY—AGENTS WANTED in every County in the United States. A number of Agents, well recommended for *honesty, business tact and integrity*, may hear of inducements of NO ORDINARY KIND, by addressing the subscribers, POSTAGE PAID. A small capital of from $25 to $100, will be necessary to make a commencement. For particulars, address, postage paid, G. B. ZIEBER & Co., Philadelphia.
NO LETTERS ATTENDED TO UNLESS THE POSTAGE IS PAID. ap 1-1y

BETTER DIE THAN LIVE, if I am to be tortured from day to day with this horrible Ague, exclaims the poor sufferer whose life has become a burden from the racking paroxysms of an intermittent, and whose confidence in human aid is destroyed by the failure of remedies to produce the promised relief. Such has been the situation of thousands who are now rejoicing in all the blessings of health from the use of Dr Osgood's India Cholagogue. In no instance does it fail of effecting a speedy and permanent cure.
For sale by JOHN M. MARIS & Co., agents for the proprietor, No. 9 South Third street, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally. mar 25-4t

THE PATENT BLOCK-SPRING TRUSS.
The unusual success attending the application of this new Instrument, warrants us in saying to all who have not obtained relief, that it will be guaranteed to them with a SPEEDY CURE, without further charge than the price of the Instrument.
☞ Sold by Dr. A. W. PATTERSON, 96 Walnut street, above 4th. jan 22-3m

HARDWARE.
MOORE, HEYL & CO. are now receiving from the EUROPEAN and AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS their Spring Stock of HARDWARE and CUTLERY, comprising a complete assortment, to which they call the attention of their friends and others visiting Philadelphia to purchase. jan 8-4m

TYPE FOR SALE.
ONE LARGE FOUNT OF BOURGEOIS TYPE, in good condition. Apply to the Proprietors of this paper.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 1st to the 9th March.

March 1, received from			
P. Thornton	$4 00	Eliza Dexter	2 00
M. Elliott	4 00	G. B. Wood & Co.	20 00
F. T. King	15 00	S. D. Jarman & Co.	15 00
F. A. Churchill	2 00	Miss L. H. Clayton	2 00
J. McDowell, Jr.	3 00	C. S. Winton, Jr.	5 00
I. Hall	7 00	Mrs. R. W. Brown	2 00
C. Elmer	3 00	A. M. Fuller & Co.	25 00
J. M. Brown	3 00	H. C. Galton	2 00
Capt. N. Morton	2 00	Miss A. T. Hess	2 00
L. W. Leef	2 00	W. S. Lukens & Co.	10 00
H. H. O'Neill	5 00		
March 2.			
H. Sandland	3 50	J. T. Allen	2 00
Dr. E. E. Bateman	2 00	Miss L. C. Hurst	2 00
W. Hostetter	8 00	Mrs. W. N. Pearce	2 00
Rev. H. P. Ludden	2 00	H. C. Winslow & Co.	20 00
A. P. Megrath	11 00	T. H. Glatz & Co.	15 00
W. Yingling	2 00	A. D. Wardle, Jr.	5 00
Jerry Wood	5 00	D. S. Penn & Co.	10 00
J. N. Gracey	5 00	Miss T. R. Baker	2 00
S. J. Sutton	5 00	P. H. Watson & Co.	15 00
E. Percival	5 00	L. W. Gordon & Co.	25 00
J. M. Dorian	2 00	C. B. Denby	2 00
J. Pilgram	2 00	Mrs. H. A. Fox	2 00
March 3.			
R. E. Carothers	2 50	P. H. Ellis	4 00
Mrs. J. Swager	2 00	M. Schlecht	2 00
W. Goodwin	5 00	G. E. Taylor	2 00
A. J. Miller	2 00	J. Hauer	9 75
W. G. Merrell	5 00	J. Newberry	2 00
I. L. Jennett	4 00	T. C. McCleary	2 00
R. S. Jennett	4 00	Capt. C. Carroll	2 00
Col. W. Cooper	5 00	A. W. Aston	2 00
Jacob Smith	5 00	Miss M. Dickinson	2 00
T. M. Dashiell	2 00	J. H. Chamber & Co.	5 00
W. Simms	5 00	Mrs. H. M. Craven	2 00
E. J. Moseley	2 00	D. C. Pultney & Co.	20 00
S. A. White	2 00	A. H. Dunn & Co.	15 00
E. T. Richardson	5 00	C. B. Flagg & Co.	10 00
J. Sennell	3 50		
March 4.			
M. Brown	2 00	J. Moore	2 50
J. Fife & Co.	6 25	Elizh. H. Richards	2 00
J. Edwards	1 00	Dr. E. B. Hibler	4 00
B. L. Zabu & Co.	11 50	Mrs. E. E. Bell	3 00
M. Goritz	2 00	G. Williams	2 00
H. R. Metz	2 00	E. H. Bealle	2 00
J. Rose	5 00	W. King	2 00
G. Simpson	5 00	H. M. Lewis	48 00
R. Wall	5 00	J. C. Shafer	2 00
D. K. Kellerman	10 00	Miss M. E. Lipscomb	12 00
J. Dale	1 00	R. A. Taylor	2 00
D. Lehmer	10 00	D. G. Wilson & Co.	20 00
S. R. Grigg	2 00	A. T. Bond & Co.	15 00
C. Hazelton	2 00	Miss E. A. Willis	2 00
March 6.			
H. B. Ely	5 00	C. R. Cheesman	2 00
Mary S. Bowers	2 00	W. Clark	3 00
C. S. Rowley	3 00	Mrs. Bligh	1 25
H. G. Wright	4 00	W. Jenson	5 00
W. R. Hoopes	1 00	R. Stevens	2 00
J. Brown	5 00	J. Dickinson & Co.	5 00
A. R. Chilton	10 00	B. Reynolds	4 00
J. H. Moore	2 00	R. W. Budd	1 50
J. Howard	2 00	E. Bes	2 00
Mrs. M. Bevans & Co.	5 00	Mrs. Leonard	2 00
O. C. Shepard	2 00	C. B. Rapp & Co.	25 00
L. Hunnicutt	2 00	H. L. Tripp & Co.	15 00
R. Kennedy	3 00	Miss L. C. Eyre	2 00
C. W. Rossman	2 00	M. N. Morris & Co.	10 00
March 7.			
Dr. S. S. Fitch	1 75	W. M. Buckman	5 00
Mrs. M. A. Datz	2 00	Dr. J. Schrack, Jr.	2 00
F. Mackin	2 00	R. Cornwell	2 00
H. K. Stillo	6 25	S. Johnson	5 00
J. Boggs	2 00	E. S. Gage	4 00
D. Ritchie	4 00	Miss E. A. Child	2 00
A. B. Bott	5 00	P. W. Steel & Co.	25 00
R. Weaver	5 00	S. H. Rider & Co.	15 00
J. W. Sewell	2 00	L. C. Kennedy	2 00
J. Strait	2 00	Mrs. H. T. Stoyer	2 00
J. L. Chambers	2 00	D. W. Darwin & Co.	20 00
Mrs. Clifton	5 00	C. R. Webber & Co.	10 00
A. M. Hicks	1 25	N. H. Bland & Co.	10 00
W. A. Pierce	35 00		
March 8.			
G. A. Richtner	2 00	L. Uhler	20 00
Dr. J. Griffith	4 00	W. H. Martin	5 00
E. Young	2 00	W. Reynolds	2 00
A. Wood	2 00	T. Jones	5 00
J. Robbins	2 00	J. F. Peggs	2 00
J. Eveleth	6 25	J. Perrin	2 00
T. S. Cavender	2 00	F. Stilman	15 00
T. C. Heyl	2 00	J. W. Jenkins	2 00
E. M. Davis & Co.	5 00	Capt. G. Nicholson	5 00
W. E. B. Green	2 00	Mrs. M. Williams	2 00
J. P. Sloan	2 00	H. K. Northway	10 00
D. S. Wynn	4 00	J. W. Yates	1 25
E. B. Stanton	2 00	Lt. G. Berryman	3 25
J. C. Caywood	5 00	J. A. Moore	5 00
C. Barns & Co.	7 00	H. H. Jhillingford	2 00
A. P. Megrath	5 00	Mrs. D. W. Davis	2 00
L. Redfield	1 00	Mrs. E. C. Coyle	2 00
C. W. Noyes	1 00	W. D. Prentiss & Co.	20 00
G. F. Jones	1 25	L. H. Sharp & Co.	15 00
P. G. Clark	2 00	L. W. Dibbs	2 00
Mrs. H. A. Smith	2 00	S. T. Wilmer & Co.	10 00
Gen. J. M. Logan	4 00	Mrs. A. W. Ward	2 00
W. C. Cabaness	15 00		
March 9.			
Mrs. D. Schneck	2 00	R. Fleming	2 00
D. J. Thomas	3 00	C. Carson	2 00
W. A. Herron	3 00	Dr. Rose	2 00
E. F. Dumas	1 25	Dr. E. Leftwick	2 00
L. Coleman	2 00	Dr. J. Hitchcock	2 00
J. S. Schoonover	20 00	Mrs. W. A. Barney	2 00
L. H. Willis	1 00	C. D. Cloud & Co.	15 00
E. Miner	2 00	A. T. Newby & Co.	10 00
J. W. Foulke	20 00	Mrs. E. A. Pinn	2 00
N. W. Casey	1 00	C. H. Jordan, Jr.	4 00
H. Wilcox	2 00	L. T. Minter	2 00
J. A. Black	2 00	W. S. Gilman & Co.	15 00
R. Wallace & Co.	5 00	L. R. Atkins, Jr.	10 00
R. Marshall	20 00		

REVOLUTION IN PARIS.—No people on the globe appear more fond of variety than are the French Dame Fashion's subjects: there are always revolutionizing, and new styles of dress are constantly in process of construction. We Americans although possessed of inventive genius, in all other matters, look to France for models of costume, and readily adopt her style. In order to obtain a correct idea of these changes as they are adopted by our citizens, Tailors throughout the United States are recommended to subscribe to S. A. & A. F. WARD'S *Quarterly Report of Philadelphia Fashions, &c.*, and to make themselves acquainted with the *Protractor System of Garment Cutting* which accompanies this work. The Reports, together with the necessary implements being mailable matter, can be sent by mail to any part of the Union. *Terms*—$5 per year. Address, S. A. & A. F. WARD, No. 62 Walnut street, Philadelphia.
Testimonial Extract.
GRIFFIN, GA., Feb. 9th, 1848.
Messrs. S. A. & A. F. WARD.—I appreciate your excellent Reports as far ahead of any other in the United States. I am confident in this opinion, having tried nearly all the systems published.
ap 1-3t Signed ASBURY H. HETTON.

☞ CONVERSATIONS of THE PEOPLE—No. 1.
"George, would you believe it!—just look at my head,
My hair all appears as if it was dead.
You mention'd a remedy—what is it call'd?
I soon must apply it, or I will be bald."
"I told you so, Harry—you thought I was wrong—
But if you'd have your hair dark, flowing and long,
Stop its falling out, and new life to it give,
Use Hauel's Eau Lustral Hair Restorative."
For sale by JULES HAUEL, Perfumer, 120 Chesnut street.

☞ CONVERSATIONS BY THE PEOPLE—No. 2.
"Ann, your skin of late was rough and full of pimples,
But now 'tis smooth, except it be with dimples;
Your once pale cheeks are beauteous as the rose—
How came it?—Soothe this anxious bosom's woes."
"I own that I am changed, dear Mary, so may you
Be render'd beautiful—believe me, it is true;
And if for such transcendent loveliness you hope,
Use Hauel's Eau Divine de Venus or Nymph Soap."
JULES HAUEL, Perfumer,
mar 25-1y 120 Chesnut street.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED IN EVERY CITY AND COUNTY IN THE UNITED STATES, ACTIVE AND ENTERPRISING MEN TO CANVASS FOR AND SELL THE FOLLOWING ELEGANT WORK:
THE MILITARY HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION,
With a Narrative of the War of Independence.
BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.
In one large octavo volume, beautifully printed and handsomely bound, illustrated with nearly
200 *ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,*
comprising Portraits, Battle Grounds, Battles, Views, Monuments, Tombs, &c., &c. And
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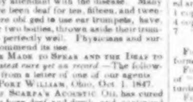

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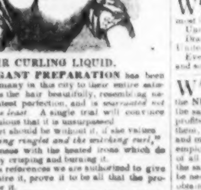

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.—The popularity and demand for this article has led certain persons to prepare and impose upon the public *spurious* articles, pretending that they are genuine. The hair may be *injured* but not benefitted by these worthless imitations. The *original* and *genuine* article is prepared only by
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Payment is required in advance.

ALMANAC.

March, 1848	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
1 Saturday,	5 44	6 16	12 0	
2 Sunday,	5 43	6 17	12 46	D. H. M.
3 Monday,	5 41	6 19	1 33	
4 Tuesday,	5 40	6 20	2 31	
5 Wedn'sday,	5 39	6 21	3 29	New 3 5 57
6 Thursday,	5 37	6 23	4 29	First 10 9 47
7 Friday,	5 36	6 24	5 27	Full 18 9 31
8 Saturday,	5 35	6 25	6 25	Last 16 9 21

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
March	19,	40	44	39
	20,	42	47	51
	21,	49	65	66
	22,	44	53	57
	23,	40	44	44
	24,	39	47	50
	25,	42	51	47

Married.

Feb. 27th, 1848, by the Rev. Wm. M. Stilwell, Mr. JAMES R. MCFARREN, to Miss MARY LOUISA ELLSWORTH, all of the city of New York.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Herschel S. Porter, Mr. WM. T. HANDENSTAY, to Miss KATE C. STRATTON, all of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Daniel Dodge, Mr. SAML. R. BUCKNALL, merchant, Newark, N. J. to Miss LYDIA S. daughter of the late Simeon Eastlack, all of N. J.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Rickett, Mr. JOHN GRAUCH, to Miss SUSANNA BRIEN, all of this city.

On the 22d ult. in Plumstead Township, Bucks county, Pa. by the Rev. Joseph Matthias, Mr. TIMOTHY M. BANGER, late of this city, to Miss NAOMI, daughter of Mr. Geo. Copp, all of the above place.

On the 31st of Jan. by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS M. CARPENTER, to Miss SARAH COLE, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Andrew Armstrong, Mr. PRESLEY B. O'NEILL, to Miss ELIZABETH H. daughter of the late Thos. H. Cox, of Upper Freehold, Monmouth county, N. J.

On the 22d of Feb. by the Rev. Chas. H. Plummer, THOMPSON LEONARD, to REBECCA FOUGHT, both of East Nottingham Township, Chester county, Pa.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Oram, Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, to Miss MARY MAGDALEN, daughter of the late George Ulmer, Esq.

On the 23d ult. in Frankford, by the Rev. Peter Hallowell, JOHN N. CANTON, of Holmesburg, Pa. to MARY ANN, daughter of Wm. Maybury, of the same place.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. G. G. Brook, of the Baltimore Annual Conference, Mr. M. HART, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY A. CARPENTER, of Baltimore city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN COOK, to Miss ELIZABETH WHITEHEAD, both of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. GEO. LAWS, of Charleston, S. C. to Miss REBECCA EIDA, daughter of the late David Rewside, of this city.

On the 20th ult. by the Rev. D. T. Carnahan, Mr. THOMAS FLEMING, to Miss JANE WILSON, all of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, at St. Augustine Church, by the Rev. Father Marr, Mr. PATRICK WELDON, to Mrs. ELIZABETH REILLY, both from County Meath, Ireland.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. J. R. Taylor, Mr. W. C. FRAMPTON, of the Island of Jersey, England, to MARY A. MCKIM TURNEY, of Baltimore, Md.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Dr. Baker, Mr. JACOB ROTHERMEL, to Miss MARGARET F. LEDEICHER, all of Lancaster, Pa.

On the 29th ult. at Pomona Grove, by the Rev. John Rodney, WILLIAM C. STEVENSON, to CATHARINE S. DUVAL, daughter of the late James S. Duval, Jr. all of Germantown, Pa.

Died.

In Essex, Essex county, N. J., March 5th, 1848, Deacon ADAM DILLAR, aged 57. One of the precious few, concerning whom, it is uniformly said, so far as known, "he was a good man."

At Bunker Hill, Ill. on the 23d of Feb. GEORGE C. eldest son of Dr. E. and Almira Howell, aged 2 years, 9 months and 11 days.

On the 26th ult. STEPHEN TOURMON, Sr. aged 92.

On the 24th ult. ANDREW SCHOCH, aged 80 years.

On the 24th ult. SARAH ANN, wife of Frederick Snelwaggon, aged 71 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. MARY WEATHERBY, aged 89.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. MARY BOOTH, aged 38 years.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH DOUGHERTY, aged 54 years.

On the 26th ult. THOMAS MURRY, aged 54 years.

On the 25th ult. WM. HENRY, son of Jeremiah and Margaret Rhoads, aged 6 months.

On the 25th ult. CHARLOTTE M. daughter of Jesse and Mary Wright.

On the 25th ult. THOMAS S. FIELD, aged 68 years.

At Wilmington, Del. on the 25th ult. Mr. ROBERT BINGHAM.

On the 26th ult. Mr. MATTHIAS SMITH, aged 75.

On the 26th ult. CHARLES H. LEE, aged 19 months.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. JACOB F. WALTER, aged 76 years, formerly of this city.

At Camden, on the 24th ult. EDWARD, son of E. J. and A. M. Burrows, aged 20 months.

On the 24th ult. GEORGE WASHINGTON, son of J. F. and Mary A. Hight, aged 3 months.

On the 22d ult. Mrs. ELVIRA, widow of the late Dr. H. G. Ford, aged 39 years.

On the 23d ult. CHRISTIANNA, wife of Fred. Sorber, aged 55 years.

On the 24th ult. JOHN R. BRONSON, aged 21 years.

On the 22d ult. ANN FOX, child of Nathaniel and Henrietta Clift.

On the 22d ult. HELEN MARIA, daughter of Andrew McMakin, aged 12 years.

On the 23d ult. BENJ. W. YATES, aged 19 years.

In West Brandywine, Chester county, on the 21st ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH DIXON, formerly of this city, aged 37 years.

On the 22d ult. THOMAS SHEWELL, aged 73 years.

On the 24th ult. ANDREW BROWN, aged 63 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. MARY M. KENT, aged 27.

On the 24th ult. ANN WILLIS, aged 67 years.

On the 24th ult. MARY ANN, daughter of Cornelius and Elizabeth McNeal, aged 10 months.

On the 23d ult. Mr. JOHN BLAIR, aged 52 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. REBECCA TAYLOR, aged 25.

On the 23d ult. Mr. WM. AYRES, aged 37 years.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. ALICE DIAMOND, aged 34 years.

On the 23d ult. CHARLES R. HAWES, aged 11 years.

On the 22d ult. JOHN W. son of Cornelius K. Kelly, formerly of Monmouth county, N. J. aged 31 years.

On the 22d ult. WM. J. RYAN, aged 16 years.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life on the 4th of Feb., 1848, at her residence, in Haverford Township, Delaware county, Mrs. DEMARIS BITTLE, in the 83d year of her age, consort of the late Wm. Bittle. Honored and beloved she fell gently and calmly asleep, (as we have reason to hope in Jesus). No dimness of intellectual vision had obscured her sound judgment. To her last hour of consciousness she discovered no evidence of mental imbecility. Integrity and sincerity, with simplicity in its true import, were prominent features of her happy estimable character. Industrious from habit and principle, she frequently said, "I cannot be idle." The pressure of old age and its attendant infirmity found relief from having the attention drawn off from them by constant employment, and in the soothing consciousness that she could minister yet with her own hands, to the pleasure and comfort of those by whom she was persuaded, her kindness would be kindly appreciated. Fond of society, she was much gratified by the frequent visits of relatives, friends and acquaintances, who were at all times welcomed with cheerfulness, and made partakers of a hospitality which she used, without grudging, accompanied by a simplicity in accordance with the principles of the society of which she was a constant and conscientious member. The last of her household, the hearth is desolate, the bright fire quenched and gone. She sleeps in Jesus.

THE LADIES' GARLAND AND DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

THE undersigned having purchased from Mr. J. Van Court "THE LADIES' GARLAND," designs issuing it at the commencement of the New Volume, in Jan., 1848, in an improved style, and adding to it such new and attractive features as shall serve to entitle it to a high position among the literary periodicals of the day. Possessing considerable experience, and combining with that experience extensive facilities for presenting to the public one of the best and cheapest magazines in the country, he is determined to tax his exertions to the utmost, in order to render the "GARLAND" more worthy than ever of the liberal patronage it has already received, and gain for it a wider and more enlarged sphere of usefulness.

It will not be expected that, in the limits of a brief Prospectus, he should go into an enlarged detail of the improvements he intends to carry into the publication of this excellent periodical; suffice it to say, that whilst the
BEST LITERARY AND ARTISTIC TALENT
in the country will be engaged to add attraction to the pages of "THE LADIES' GARLAND," its readers will be compelled to admit that their patronage was never bestowed on a more meritorious publication. In short, it is the proprietor's intention to make it one of the best and most popular, as it undoubtedly will be the
CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The large outlay of capital which the prosecution of his plans must necessarily involve, can only be justified by a corresponding increase of patronage on the part of the literary public. That this will be secured he cannot doubt, nor does he question the fact that when the subscribers to the "GARLAND" see a specimen of what he intends that Magazine to be, they will wonder how so superior a publication can possibly be furnished for the insignificant price of its subscription. They may be assured, however, that every promise made shall be scrupulously fulfilled, and the merits of the "GARLAND" be so enhanced, as to win its way to public favor in a manner unexampled in the history of the popular literature of America.

TERMS.
The terms upon which "THE LADIES' GARLAND AND DOLLAR MAGAZINE" will be furnished are as follows:

1 copy,	One Dollar.	15 copies,	Nine Dollars.
4 copies,	Three Dollars.	17 "	Ten Dollars.
7 "	Five Dollars.	30 "	Fifteen Dollars.

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For the convenience of those who may desire to form Clubs, we make the following propositions:
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For FIFTEEN DOLLARS, Seven copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Seven copies of the Saturday Evening Post will be furnished, with an additional copy of each to the Postmaster or other person through whom the club may be raised and the money remitted.
For TWENTY DOLLARS, we will furnish Ten copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Ten copies of the Saturday Evening Post, with a premium copy of each work for one year to the person raising the club and remitting the money.
For THIRTY DOLLARS, Twenty four copies of "The Ladies' Garland" and Eleven copies of the Saturday Evening Post will be sent, together with a premium copy of each of said publications for one year.
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ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

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The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, satisfied from the experience of the last two years that it is the "manifest destiny" of their paper, to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, have resolved to make the Post more worthy than ever of its high position. They accordingly now have the pleasure of calling the attention of the public to the fact, that the POST has been

GREATLY ENLARGED.

This enlargement enables them to lay the equivalent of eight more columns of reading, before their subscribers weekly—being in fact an addition of one-fourth to the old area of the paper.

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Its Original Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., shall be of the highest character. The faults of no article can be overlooked, from a foolish respect for its originality.

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Engravings of various kinds, *in moderation*, also shall not be forgotten. But the POST shall never be allowed to degenerate into a mere show bill, to be looked at for a moment, and then tossed to the children to play with.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our Original Contributors are the *AUTHORS OF AMERICA*. We always hold ourselves ready to purchase articles offered to us, at a price proportioned to their merits. But authors whose writings are of a ridiculously exaggerated and immoral character, may save themselves and us the trouble of sending them for examination. The Post is a family paper—*and no article not calculated to enter the family circle can be admitted into its columns.*

OUR TERMS.

The terms of the enlarged POST to single subscribers will remain the same, viz.: $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

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In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we have concluded *to reduce our terms to clubs*, as follows:

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13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00	"

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

FIVE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for TEN DOLLARS.

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The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

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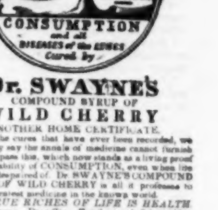

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Of all the cures that have ever been recorded, we may safely say the annals of medicine cannot furnish one to surpass this, which now stands as a living proof of the curability of CONSUMPTION, even when life had been despaired of. Dr. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY is all it professes to be, the greatest medicine in the known world.
THE TRUE RICHES OF LIFE IS HEALTH.
Dr. Swayne—Dear Sir:—For the good of the public, I feel myself in duty bound to testify to the great cure which your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry performed on me. For my part, I feel as if everybody ought to know it. I was afflicted with a violent Cough, Spitting of Blood, Night Sweats, Hoarseness, and sound of the voice indicating an alarming state of disease; my appetite was gone, and my strength had so far failed me, that my friends and physician were persuaded I could not survive many days. My sister, who was my anxious care taker, made inquiry where she would be likely to procure the most certain relief. She was told that if Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry failed in the cure, my life was then hopeless. Your medicine was immediately procured, and the first bottle gave relief, and by the time I had commenced the sixth bottle, my cough had left me and my strength was much improved. In short it has made a perfect cure of me, and I am at this present time as hearty a man as I wish, and have good reason to believe that the use of your medicine has saved me from a premature grave. I shall be pleased to give any information respecting my case. Yours, with respect,
I. M. REEVES, No. 30 Chester street,
Between Race and Vine sts., Phila.
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CONSUMPTIVES, READ! READ!
DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
In about the year 1837, I found it necessary in my professional practice to compound a medicinal preparation for diseases of the chest and lungs, possessing more powerful healing properties than any other hitherto known for such diseases. In my COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, I have been very successful. The truly astonishing cures effected by my medicine soon spread its fame abroad; for it owes none of its success to manufactured newspaper puffs or forged certificates—the real intrinsic merits of my compound is the only cause of its popularity. Its extensive sale soon excited the envy of certain speculators in the afflictions of his fellow creatures, so much so that in a few years from the time that my preparation was introduced to the public and in great demand, a firm in this city, finding that my preparation had gained a high reputation for its curative properties, came out with what they called Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. This respectable and popular physician had no more to do with the article than poor *Sam Patch*. The name of *Dr. Wistar* is attached to make it appear that this eminent practitioner was the original inventor of the preparation; such is not the fact. The *above firm*, the real inventor, sold the recipe and right of manufacture to some patent medicine dealers in Cincinnati for the West and South, and another in New York for the East, who afterwards, it is asserted, sold out to a druggist in Boston—so the number of hands into which it may have changed is an enigma.
In some places they assert it emanated from a physician in Philadelphia, in others, from a physician in Massachusetts. So it has falsehood and stratagem stamped in every feature.
There have been a number of other preparations purporting to contain *Wild Cherry* put out since, from the hands of inexperience, which the public should guard against, as they contain none of the virtues of the *original* and only *genuine* preparation, which bears the signature of Dr. Swayne on each bottle. The present manufacturers of the pills and false certificates have the daring effrontery to caution the public against purchasing my medicine, as the only truly genuine and original preparation of Wild Cherry before the public, which is proved satisfactorily by the public records of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, as well as various other official documents. DR. H. SWAYNE.
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Selected Poetry.

A HIT AT THE TIMES.

[We commend to Louis Philippe, happily now ex-King of the French, who may find it useful to brush up his knowledge of the English language, the study of the following effusion of Moore, being one of the "Fables" published by him for the benefit of the "Holy Alliance" some thirty years ago.]

FABLE.
THE EXTINGUISHERS.
PROEM.

Though soldiers are the true supports,
The natural allies of Courts,
Woe to the Monarch who depends
Too much on his red-coated friends;
For even soldiers sometimes think—
Nay, Colonels have been known to reason,—
And reasoners, whether clad in pink,
Or red, or blue, are on the brink
(Nine cases out of ten) of treason.

Not many soldiers, I believe, are
As fond of liberty as Mina;*
Else—woe to Kings, when Freedom's fever
Once turns into a scarletina!
For then—but hold—'tis best to veil
My meaning in the following tale:—

FABLE.

A lord of Persia, rich and great,
Just come into a large estate,
Was shocked to find he had for neighbors,
Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,†
Whose fires beneath his very nose,
In heretic combustion rose.
But lords of Persia can, no doubt,
Do what they will, so one fine morning,
He turn'd the rascal Ghebers out,
First giving a few kicks for warning.
Then, thanking Heaven most piously,
He knocked their temple to the ground,
Blessing himself for joy to see
Such pagan ruins strew'd around.
But much it vex'd my lord to find,
That, while all else obey'd his will,
The fire these Ghebers left behind—
Do what he would—kept burning still.
Fiercely he storm'd, as if his frown
Could scare the bright insurgent down;
But no—such fires are headstrong things,
And care not much for lords or kings.
Scarce could his lordship well contrive
The flashes in one place to smother,
Before—hey, presto—all alive,
They sprung up freshly in another.

At length, when, spite of prayers and damns,
'Twas found the sturdy flame defied him,
His stewards came, with low salams,
Offering, by contract, to provide him
Some large extinguishers (a plan
Much used, they said, at Ispahan,
Vienna, Petersburg—in short,
Wherever light's forbid at court)—
Machines no lord should be without,
Which would, at once, put promptly out
Fires of all kinds—from staring stark
Volcanos to the tiniest spark—
Till things slept on as dull and dark
As in a great lord's neighborhood,
'Twas right and fitting all things should.
Accordingly, some large supplies
Of these Extinguishers were furnish'd
(All of the imperial size,)
And there, in rows, stood black and burnished,
Ready, where'er a gleam but shone
Of light or fire, to be clapped on.

But ah! how lordly wisdom errs,
In trusting to extinguishers!
One day when he had left all sure,
(At least believed so,) dark, secure,
The flame at all its exits, entries,
Obstructed to his heart's content,
And black extinguishers, like sentries,
Placed upon every dangerous vent—
Ye gods! imagine his amaze,
His wrath, his rage, when on returning,
He found not only the old blaze,
Brisk as before, crackling and burning—
Not only new, young conflagrations,
Popping up round in various stations—
But, still more awful, strange, and dire,
The Extinguishers themselves on fire!
They, they—those trusty blind machines
His lordship had so long been praising,
As, under Providence, the means
Of keeping down all lawless blazing,
Were now themselves—alas, too true,
The shameful fact—turn'd blazers too,
And, by a change as odd as cruel,
Instead of dampers, served for fuel!
Thus, of his only hope bereft,
"What," said the great man, "must be done?"
All that, in scrapes like this, is left
To great men is—to cut and run.
So run he did; while to their grounds,
The banish'd Ghebers bless'd returned
And, though their fire had broke its bounds,
And all abroad now wildly burn'd,
Yet well could they, who loved the flame,
Its wandering, its excess reclaim;
And soon another, fairer dome
Arose to be its sacred home,
Where, cherish'd, guarded, not confin'd,
The living glory dwelt enshrined,
And, shedding lustre, strong but even,
Though born of earth, grew worthy Heaven.

MORAL.

The moral hence my Muse infers
Is—that such lords are simple elves,
In trusting to extinguishers
That are combustible themselves.

* The Spanish Patriot.
† Fire Worshippers.

Pictures of Life.

SKETCHES BY THE CAPTAIN.

THE RESCUE.

It was in the month of February, 1831, a bright moonlight night and intensely cold, that the little brig I commanded lay quietly at her anchors inside of the Hook.

We had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days off this coast, with cutting north-easters blowing, and snow and sleet falling for the most of that time. Forward, the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to handle her, as the rigging and sails were stiff, and yielded only when the strength of the men was exerted to the utmost. When at length we made the port, all hands were worn down and exhausted. We could not have held out two days longer without relief.

"A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin," I said to my mate, as I tarried for a moment on deck to finish my cigar.

The worthy Down-Easter buttoned his coat more tightly around him, looked up to the moon, and felt of his red nose before he replied—

"It's a whistler, captain, as we used to say on the Kennebeck. Nothing lives comfortable out of blankets in such a night as this."

"The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to keep a sharp look out for this floating ice, Mr. Larkin."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the mate, and I went below.

Two hours afterwards, I was aroused from a sound sleep, by the vigilant officer.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, captain," said he, as he detected an expression of vexation in my face, "but I wish you would turn out and come on deck as soon as possible."

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Larkin?"

"Why, sir, I have been watching a large cake of ice that swept by at a little distance, a moment ago; I saw something black on it; something that I thought moved—the moon's under a cloud and I could not see distinctly, but so help me God, I believe there's a child floating out to sea, in this freezing night, on that cake of ice."

We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out with no little difficulty, the cake of ice, floating off to the leeward, and its white glittering surface was broken by a black spot; more I could not make out.

"Get the glass, Mr. Larkin," I said, "the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment and then we can see distinctly."

I kept my eye upon the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly working her way through a heavy bank of clouds. The mate stood by with the glass. When the full light fell at last upon the water, with a brilliancy only known in our northern latitudes, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

"Forward, there!" I hailed at the top of my voice, and with one bound I reached the main hatch, and began to clear away the little cutter which was stowed in the ship's yawl.

Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand, to take a look for himself. "My God!" he said, in a whisper, as he set to work to aid me in getting out the boat—"my God, there are two children on that cake of ice!"

Two men answered my hail, and walked lazily aft. In an incredibly short space of time we launched the cutter, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed by the two men who took the oars. I rigged the tiller, and the mate sat beside me in the stern sheets.

"Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it, lads?" I cried; "put me alongside of that, and I'll give you a bottle of rum each, to-night, and a month's extra wages when you are paid off."

The men bent to their oars, but their strokes were uneven and feeble. They were used up by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight, and though they did their best, the boat made little more way than the tide. This was a losing chase, and Mr. Larkin, who was suffering torture as he saw how little we gained, cried out,

"Pull, lads—I'll double the captain's prize, two bottles of rum and two months' pay—pull lads, for the love of God, pull!"

A convulsive effort at the oars told how willing the men were to obey, but the strength of the strong men was gone. One of the poor fellows washed us twice, in recovering his oar, and then gave out; the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprung forward, and seized the deserted oar.

"Lay down in the bottom of the boat," said he to the man, "and captain, take the other oar, we must row for ourselves."

I took the second man's place; Larkin had stripped to his Guernsey shirt, and as he pulled the bow, I waited for the signal stroke. It came gently but firm, and the next moment we were pulling a long, steady stroke, gradually increasing in rapidity until the wood seemed to smoke in the row-locks. We kept time, each by the long deep breathing of the other. Such a pull! We bent forward until our faces almost touched our knees, and then throwing all our strength into the backward movement, drew on the oar until every inch of the space covered by the sweep had been gained. At every stroke the boat shot ahead, like an arrow discharged from a bow. Thus we worked at the oars for fifteen minutes—it seemed to me so many hours. The sweat rolled off of me in great drops, and I was enveloped in a steam generated from my own body.

"Are we almost up to it, Mr. Larkin?" I gasped out.

"Almost, captain—don't give up; for the love of our dear little ones at home, don't give up, captain."

The oars flashed as their blades turned up to the moonlight. The men who plied them were fathers, and had father's hearts; the strength which served them at that moment was more than human.

Suddenly Mr. Larkin ceased pulling and my heart for a moment almost stopped its beating, for the terrible thought that he had given out, crossed my mind. But I was quickly re-assured by his voice:

"Gently, captain, gently—a stroke or two more—there, that will do"—and the next moment the boat's side came in contact with something, and Larkin sprung from the boat with his heavy foot upon the ice. I started up, and calling to the men to make fast the boat to the ice, followed.

We ran to the dark spot in the centre of the mass, and found two little boys, the head of the smaller nestling in the bosom of the larger—both were fast asleep! The lethargy, which would have been fatal but for the timely rescue, had overcome them. Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, cut off his shoes, tore off his jacket, and then loosening his own garments to the skin, placed the chilled child in contact with his own warm body, carefully wrapping over him his great coat, which he procured from the boat. I did the same with the other child—and we then returned to the boat, and the men, now partially recovered, pulled slowly back.

The children, as we learned, when we subsequently had the delight of restoring them to their parents, were playing on the ice and had ventured on to the cake which had jammed into a bend of the river about ten miles above New York. A movement of the tide had set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were borne away on that cold night, and would have inevitably perished but for Mr. Larkin's espying them as the ice was sweeping out to sea.

"How do you feel, Mr. Larkin," I said to the mate, the morning after this adventure.

"A little stiff in the arms, captain," the noble fellow replied, while the big tears of grateful happiness gathered in his eyes—"a little stiff in the arms, captain, but very easy here," and he laid his hand on the rough chest, in which beat a true and a manly heart. My quaint, brave Down-Easter! He who lashes the seas into fury and lets loose the tempests, will care for thee. The storms may rage without, but in thy bosom peace and sunshine abide alway.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

The Moralist.

LETTERS

FROM HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS TO HIS SON: ON THE BIBLE AND ITS TEACHINGS.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

LETTER III.

The second general point of view, in which I propose for you to consider the Bible, to the end that it may "thoroughly furnish you unto all good works," is in the historical character.

To a man of liberal education, the study of history is not only useful, and important, but altogether indispensable, and with regard to the history contained in the Bible, the observation which Cicero makes respecting that of his own country is much more emphatically applicable, "that it is not so much praise-worthy to be acquainted with as it is shameful to be ignorant of it." History, so far as it relates to the actions and adventures of men, may be divided in five different classes. First, the history of the world, otherwise called universal history: Second, that of particular nations: Third, that of particular institutions: Fourth, that of single families: and Fifth, that of individual men. The last two of these classes are generally distinguished by the name of memoirs and biography.

All these classes of history are to be found in the Bible, and it may be worth your while to discriminate them one from another. The universal history is short, and all contained in the first eleven chapters of Genesis, together with the first chapter of the book of Chronicles, which is little more than a genealogical list of names; but it is of great importance, not only as it includes the history of the creation, of the fall of man, of the antediluvian world, and the flood by which the whole human race, (excepting Noah and his family,) were destroyed, but as it gives a very precise account of the time from the creation until the birth of Abraham. This is the foundation of the ancient history, and in reading profane historians hereafter, I would advise you to always to reflect upon their narratives with reference to it with respect to the chronology. A correct idea of this is so necessary to understand all history, ancient and modern, that I may hereafter write you something farther concerning it; for the present I shall only recommend to your particular attention the fifth and eleventh chapters of Genesis, and request you to cast up and write me the amount of the age of the world when Abraham was born.

The remainder of the book of Genesis, beginning at the 12th Chapter, is a history of one individual (Abraham) and his family, during three generations of his descendants, after which the book of Exodus commences with the history of the same family, multiplied into a nation; this national and family history is continued through the books of the Old Testament until that of Job, which is of a peculiar character, differing in many particulars from every other part of the Scriptures. There is no other history extant which can give so interesting and correct view of the rise and progress of human associations as this account of Abraham and his descendants, through all the vicissitudes to which individuals, families and nations are liable. There is no other history, where the origin of a whole nation is traced up to a single man, and where a connected train of events, and a regular series of persons from generation to generation is preserved.—As the history of a family, it is intimately connected with our religious principles and opinions, for it is the family from which (in His human character) Jesus Christ descended. It begins by relating the commands of God to Abraham to abandon his country, his kindred, and his father's house, and go to a land which He would show him. This command was accompanied by two promises, from which, and from their fulfilment, arose the differences which I have just noticed between the history of the Jews, and that of every other nation.

The first of these promises was "That God would make Abraham a great nation, and bless him;" the second, and incomparably the most important one was, that "in Him all the families of the earth should be blessed." This promise was made about two thousand years before the birth of Christ, and in Him had its fulfilment. When Abraham, in obedience to the command of God, had gone into the land of Canaan, the Lord appeared unto him and made him a third promise, which was that he should give that land to a nation which should descend from him, as a possession; this was fulfilled between five and six hundred years afterward. In reading all the historical books of both the Old and New Testaments, as well as the books of the Prophets, you should always in bear in mind the reference which they have to these three promises of God to Abraham. All the history is no more than a narrative of the particular manner, and the detail of events by which those promises were fulfilled.

In the account of the creation, and the fall of man, I have already remarked that the moral doctrine inculcated by the Bible is, that the great consummation of all human virtue consists in obedience to the will of God. When we come hereafter to speak of the Bible in its ethical character, I shall endeavor to show you the intrinsic excellence of this principle; but I shall now only remark how strongly the principle itself is illustrated, first in the account of the fall, and next by the history of Abraham. In the account of the creation we are informed that God, after having made the world, created the first human pair, and "gave them dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." He gave them also "every herb bearing seed, and the fruit of every tree for meat;" all this we are told "God saw was very good."

Thus the immediate possession of everything was given them, and its perpetual enjoyment secured to their descendants, on condition of abstaining from the "fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil." It is altogether immaterial to my present remarks whether the narrative is to be understood in a literal or allegorical sense, as not only the knowledge, but the possession of created good was granted; the fruit of the tree, could confer upon them no knowledge but that of evil, and the command was nothing more than to abstain from that knowledge—to forbear from rushing upon their own destruction.

It is not sufficient to say, "that this was a command in its own nature light and easy; it was a command to pursue the only law of their nature, to keep the happiness that had been heaped upon them without measure; but observe—it contained the principle of obedience—it was assigned to them as a duty—and the heaviest of penalties was denounced upon its transgression. They were not to discuss the wisdom or justice of this command; they were not to inquire why it had been forced upon them, nor could they have the slightest possible motive for the inquiry; unqualified felicity and immortality were already theirs; wretchedness and death were alone forbidden them, but placed within their reach as merely tests of their obedience. They violated the law; they forfeited their joy and immortality; they "brought into the world, death and all our woe."

Here, then, is an extreme case in which the mere principle of obedience could be tried—a command to abstain from that from which every motive of reason and interest would have deterred had the command never been given—a command given in the easiest of all possible forms, requiring not so much as an action of any kind, but merely forbearance; and its transgression was so severely punished, that the only inference we can draw from it is, that the most aggravated of all crimes, and that which includes in itself all others, is disobedience to the will of God. Let us now consider how the principle of obedience is inculcated in the history of Abraham, by a case in the opposite extreme. God commanded Abraham to abandon forever his country, his kindred and his father's house, to go, he knew not where; promising, as a reward of his obedience, to bless him and his posterity, though he was then childless; he was required to renounce everything that could most contribute to the happiness and comfort of his life, and which was in his actual enjoyment; to become a houseless, friendless, wanderer upon the earth, on the mere faith of the promise that a land should be shown him which his descendants should possess—that they should be a great nation—and that through them all mankind should receive in future ages a blessing.

The obedience required of Adam was merely to retain all the blessings he enjoyed; the obedience of Abraham was to sacrifice all that he possessed for the vague and distant prospect of a future compensation to his posterity; the self-control and self-denial required of Adam, were in themselves the slightest that imagination can conceive,—but its failure was punished by the forfeiture of all his enjoyments; the self-dominion to be exercised by Abraham was of the most painful kind—but its accomplishment will be ultimately rewarded by the restoration of all that was forfeited by Adam.

This restoration, however, was to be obtained by no ordinary proof of obedience; the sacrifice of mere personal blessings, however great, could not lay the foundation for the redemption of mankind from death; the voluntary submission of Jesus Christ to his own death, in the most excruciating and ignominious form, was to consummate the great plan of redemption, but the submission of Abraham to sacrifice his beloved and only son Isaac—the child promised by God himself, and through whom all the greater promises were to be carried into effect, the feelings of nature, the parent's bowels, were all required to be sacrificed by Abraham to the blind, unquestioning principle of obedience to the will of God. The blood of Isaac was not indeed shed—the butchery of an only son by the hand of his father, was a sacrifice which a merciful God did not require to be completely executed; but as an instance of obedience it was imposed upon Abraham, and nothing less than the voice of an angel from Heaven could arrest his uplifted arm, and withhold him from sheathing his knife in the heart of his child. It was upon this testimonial of obedience that God's promise of redemption was expressly renewed to Abraham:—"In thy seed shall all of the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed my voice."—Gen. xxii. 18.

From your affectionate Father,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

HYMN.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Lord of all worlds, let thanks and praise
To Thee forever fill my soul;
With blessings Thou hast crown'd my days,—
My heart, my head, my hand control
Oh, let no vain presumptions rise,
No impious murmur in my heart,
To crave the boon Thy will denies,
Or shrink from ill Thy hands impart

Thy child am I, and not an hour,
Revolving in the orbs above,
But brings some token of Thy power,
But brings some token of Thy love:
And shall this bosom dare repine,
In darkness dare deny the dawn,
Or spurn the treasures of the mine,
Because one diamond is withdrawn?

The fool denies, the fool alone,
Thy being, Lord, and boundless might,
Denies the firmament, Thy throne
Denies the sun's meridian light;
Denies the fashion of his frame,
The voice he hears, the breath he draws;
Oh, idiot Atheist! to proclaim
Effects unnumbered without cause!

Matter and mind, Mysterious One,
Are man's for three-score years and ten
Where, ere the thread of life was spun?
Where, when reduced to dust again?
All-seeing God, the doubt suppress;
The doubt Thou only canst relieve:
My soul Thy Saviour-son shall bless,
Fly to Thy gospel, and believe.

Wit and Humor.

HERO AND NERO.

We were much amused yesterday at a dispute between an English cockney and an American, at the corner of Third and Main streets, touching the merits of General Jackson, as a soldier and a statesman. The Englishman, fresh from the "fast anchored isles," had not yet lost the national habit of prefixing the vowel with an h, and of discarding the letter in its proper place. The American, it appeared, was a stout defender and warm admirer of the "Old Roman," and set him forth as the greatest man of the age.

"Sir," said the cockney, "no one will deny that 'e was an 'ero."

"A Nero, sir?" exclaimed the other, his face coloring and his eyes flashing fire. "Dare you place General Jackson in comparison with the bloody Roman butcher—a fellow who murdered his own mother, and played upon the harp and sang while Rome howled with the shrieks of innocence and glared in the flames that were kindled by his own hands?"

"You mistake," said the Englishman. "I said he was an 'ero."

"So you did; and you're a liar, sir."

A fight would have ensued, had not a third party interfered and explained that the cockney had no reference to the Roman Emperor of despicable memory, but had merely tried to say that the General was a hero.

AID TO FRANCE.

A long-haired, long-nosed youth, "piping hot and mad with haste," rushed into the counting-room of one of our most extensive shipping merchants, on Sunday afternoon last, when the following dialogue took place—

"Any ships sailing for France this afternoon, Mister?"

"No."

"Any to-morrow?"

"No."

"Or the next day?"

"No."

"Why, don't you send ships to all parts of the world?"

"Yes; but we seldom send ships to France."

"Well, I am bound to go to France anyhow, and I shan't wait another day."

"What is taking you to France in such a hurry?"

"You see the war with Mexico is over, and as I cannot get any thing more to do in that quarter, I am going over to help the French to get a republic!"

"Do you speak French?"

"What do I want to speak French for? I am going to fight, and not to talk." And with that, the warlike ally of the Gauls left the office, determined to take passage on the first vessel for France "any how."—*Evening Bulletin.*

ELOQUENCE.

"Feller citizens," said a candidate on the stump for the Legislature, "I am a candydate for the Legislator, and as all good republicans should do, I will give you my views of matters and things in general. The generality of mankind in general, generally speaking, are most generally in favor of republicanism, and so am I. I am also in favor of a liberal expropriation of the public funds for building bridges. I am also in favor of a most liberal expropriation of the funds for the profane assilum. I am in favor of expropriating money for the general scattering of the scripters. Yes, feller cityzens, these is my convictions, and if there is no *chick-a-ree* (chicanery) used in the election, I am bound to be elected to the Legislator."

THE LETTERS.

Why is the letter *u* a most uncertain letter? Because it is always in doubt.

And why is the letter *e* never in doubt? Because it is always in-debitable.

Why is the letter *d* a lazy and extravagant letter? Because it is always in bed and never out of debt.

And why is the letter *s* a most desirable letter? Because it is essential to ease, pleasure and happiness.

When may the letter *a* be looked on as a dead letter? When it is in death.

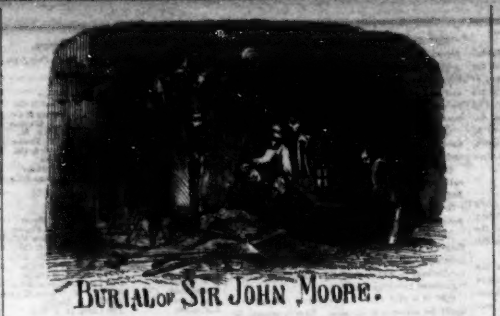
When is the letter *n* most flurried? When it is in confusion.

A Letter.—The following from a gardener to his master, is so ingeniously out of all rule, that an explanation is added:—

Honord Sir,—My wif and I have taken the fan from Winsor. Jonny Cedar has lost her head, the rest of the scrubs are all well. The oxen are come down to praise the gods. From your humble servant, &c.

What he meant to say was as follows—

Honored Sir—My wife and I have taken the influenza. The Virginia Cedar has lost his head; the rest of the shrubs are all well. The auctioneer came down to appraise the goods.



[This celebrated monody was written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, and has generally been considered his chief title to the name of poet. His claim to the original conception of the piece has been disputed; and a French poem, in which every idea of the monody by Wolfe is contained, has been published, with the assertion that it was produced prior to the English monody. We have never seen any evidence, however, sufficient to satisfy us that the French verses are not a translation of Wolfe's. We are indebted for the above illustrative engraving to Zieber & Co.'s "Songs for the people."]

I.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where the hero we buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The turf with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lanterns dimly burning.

II.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And bitterly thought on the morrow.
No useless coffin confined his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him—
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

III.

We thought, as we heap'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

IV.

But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour of retiring;
And we heard, by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.
Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory—
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory!

A LOVE LETTER.

[A Buckeye girl writes to her "true lover" in Mexico, a long letter, closing with a verse of poetry. She feels bad:]

To think that you are gone so far
A fasing cannons & guns & if a bal it hits you
I know you can no more return
but if this should your fortune bee & you come
here no more I hope we'll meet on yonder shore
where we shall part no more
for about here menny men I sea
and menny dus sea me but mong them all
I cant be pleest like I was pleest with thee.

DEFINITIONS.

Absurdity.—Anything advanced by our opponents, contrary to our own practice, or above our comprehension.

Antiquity.—Is the young miscreant who massacred prisoners taken in war, sacrificed human beings to idols, burnt them in Smithfield, as heretics or witches, believed in astrology, demonology witchcraft, and every exploded folly and enormity, although his example be still greatly urged as a rule of conduct, and a standing argument against any improvement upon "the wisdom of our ancestors."

Celibacy.—A vow by which the priests of some countries swear to content themselves with the wives of other people.

Coffin.—The cradle where our second childhood is laid asleep.

Doctor.—One whose business is, according to Voltaire, to pour physic, of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows less.

Frown.—Writing the confession of a bad passion with an eyebrow.

Longevity.—Adding a few years to the wrong end of life, and surviving one's self.

Lover.—One who, in his desire to obtain possession of another, has lost possession of himself.

Marriage.—Taking a yoke-fellow, who may lighten the burden of existence, if you pull together—or may render it insupportable, if you drag different ways.

"A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

A printer of Gotham had an account against the keeper of a public house, which he had long and hopelessly tried to collect. At last he sued his debtor and obtained a judgment. Some friends laughed at his folly in thus throwing good money after bad, when the debtor was irresponsible.

"Never mind," says Typo, "I will raise something." The execution was placed in the hands of an officer; and one day, the landlord, to his surprise and indignation, found *his day's marketing levied upon.* This brought matters to a crisis, and the money was paid. But, upon his remonstrating with his creditor at such an unheard of, not to say ungentlemanly, way of doing business, the only consolation he received was the reply:—"Well, I think you ought to be well satisfied that I did not levy upon your dinner *after it was cooked.*"—*Spirit of the Times.*

A Bargain.—"We heard an anecdote the other day that we thought admirably illustrated the 'language of dicker,' in Yankee-land.

"'How far is it to New Haven?' asked a traveller of a toll-gate keeper, on the Bridgeport road.

"'Fifteen miles,' was the answer.

"'Oh, no, it can't be so much, can it? I was told, a mile or so back, that it was but twelve miles from this gate.'

"'Well,' said the toll-gatherer, hesitating, 'we-l-l, *you can take it at twelve*, but I can't let any body else go over it short of fifteen, and I never have!' It 'was a bargain,' and the traveller went on."

An Irish Bull.—A person who had visited California, was speaking rapturously of the climate of that country in the presence of an Irishman; among other things he said it was so healthy there that people never died. "Faith," says Pat, "an' I should like to go there and END MY DAYS."

Swift.—Voltaire related to Mr. Sherlock an anecdote of Swift. Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant, said to Swift, "The air of Ireland is very excellent and healthy." "For goodness sake, madam," said Swift, "don't say so in England; for if you do, they will certainly tax it."

Nothing Lost.—The actor Beaubourg who was extremely ugly, playing the part of Mithridate, Monime said to him in character, "Ah! sire, you changed countenance." A wag in the pit exclaimed, "Let him do so; don't stop him."

Selected Articles.

COURTSHIP.

We have seen how little there is deserving the name of courtship in savage life, either of the present or the past. It is only amid the refinements of enlightened nations, that the delights of making love are of common enjoyment. In Asia, in Africa, and in much of Europe, marriage is preceded by none of those delicate attentions, and affectionate interchange of sentiments, which forms the proper prelude to the matrimonial engagement. Even in the politest nations, as among the most barbarous, the marriages are affairs of convenience, in which fortune, position, every thing is consulted, but the sentiments of those who are taught to submit in a matter of such vital moment, to parental dictation. Thus in France, as in Java, young persons meet for the first time in their lives, to be indissolubly united by the marriage tie.

Spain was long the land of gallantry and chivalry. After the ancient countries of confining women with bolts, bars, and duennas had given way, a romantic gallantry was carried to the highest pitch, and love became the brightest picture of Spanish life.

Though women have long since been permitted to have a choice in affairs of the heart, there was still preserved a decorum of manners, which prevented a Spanish lady from being alone with her lover. The consequence is a resort to every ingenious device, by which a glowing passion may find expression.

The Spanish lover writes out his adoration in sonnets, and sets his affection to music. At night he sings his love-lays under the lattice of his lady. Or if not himself gifted with musical abilities, he hires artists who are able to do justice to the ardor of his passion. The colder the air without, the more is the serenade supposed to warm the heart of the lady within, and as pity is supposed to lead directly to love, the Spanish suitor stays night after night, heaving deep sighs, and casting piteous looks toward the window, satisfied, yes, supremely blessed, if he receives the slightest signal of acknowledgment in return.

In Spain love is full of sentiment—a delicious madness, which, for the time absorbs all other feelings. A Spanish lover scarcely thinks, speaks, or dreams of any but his mistress. Not only does his devotion to her appear like idolatry, but he is ready to encounter any peril, or to engage in any combat to manifest the strength of his attachment. He is ready to punish her enemies, fight his rivals, or do battle with the world at large, in his sweet mistress' cause; but his choicest opportunity for signalising his courage and conduct, under the very eyes of his mistress is in the Bull Fight, the national festival of Spain, and all Spanish countries. There, surrounded by the whole public, and sure that his mistress is watching him, as Hudibras has it:

——"He obtains the noblest spouse,
Who widows greatest herds of cows."

This notion of exciting love by bringing into play the emotion of pity, or sympathy, has been made use of in Spain, in a still more remarkable manner.

It was once the custom in Madrid, and other chief cities of Spain, for large companies of people, who called themselves disciplants or whippers, to form a procession through the public streets, every Good Friday, attended by the religious orders, courts of law, and sometimes by the Royal Court. The whippers were arrayed in high sugar loaf hats, white gloves and shoes, and waistcoats with ribons of the colors preferred by the mistresses of their affections, and were armed with whips of small cords to the end of which were fastened bits of wax, in which were inserted pieces of glass. The whole city, and especially the ladies were spectators of this procession, and as it passed along, he who whipped himself hardest felt sure of winning the favor of his Dulcinea. When they went past a beautiful woman, some one was sure to whip himself in such a manner as to sprinkle her with his blood, an honor for which she returned suitable acknowledgments; and when any lover of this train passed the window where his mistress was sitting, he began to lay on the whip with redoubled fury; while the lady felt not a little complimented by such proofs of devotion.

The lively Lady Montague gives an account of a somewhat similar scene, she witnessed in Constantinople—a procession, when the Sultan was going out to take command of the army.

"The rear of the procession," says Lady Mary, "was composed of volunteers, who came to beg of the Sultan the honor of dying in his service; they were all naked to the middle, some had their arms pierced through with arrows left sticking in them, others had them sticking in their heads, with the blood trickling down their faces; some slashed their arms with sharp knives, making the blood spring out upon the bystanders, and this is looked on as an expression of their zeal for glory. And I am told that some make use of it to advance their love; and when they come near the window where their mistress stands, all the women being veiled to see this spectacle, they stick another arrow for her sake, who gives some sign of approbation and encouragement to this kind of gallantry."

In England and Scotland there were formerly customs less barbarous perhaps, but scarcely less objectionable—that for example of drinking toasts to all the beauties admired by the members of a convivial party, when she, whose lover drank the most, was the reigning toast. These, however, are the eccentricities of the tender passion.

Courtship in Italy, as in Spain, has much of the romance of a deep passion, and it is often protracted to a great length, that its pleasures may be enjoyed the longer.

INTERESTING FACTS, &C.

To Whiten Maple Sugar.—Place the sugar in a tub with holes in the bottom, and mix rye flour thin with water; spread it on the sugar, and it will draw out the color, and leave the sugar as white as Havana.

M. Griech, a German author, wrote, during his life, 200 volumes of romances—each from two to five volumes—and 300 dramatic pieces. He left to his heirs, as the fruit of his industry, $110,000.

The average number of inhabitants to a square mile in Ireland, is 275; in England, 236; in the Chinese Empire, 230.

It is estimated that during the year 1844, Ohio exported flour and wheat, equal to 8,000,000 bushels. She also supplied with bread a population of 1,515,000.

The most intense artificial cold that science has yet produced, is that resulting from a mixture of diluted sulphuric acid and snow; the temperature of which has been to sink as low as ninety-one degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer—123 below the freezing point.

The town of Sandisfield, Mass., produces annually 100,000 lbs. of maple sugar.

Every person engaged in culinary affairs ought to be aware that when water has once been heated to the boiling point, all that is further requisite, is to keep it at that temperature,—any additional fuel, more than is barely necessary to effect this, is uselessly expended, as water, heated in an ordinary culinary vessel, can, by no possibility of art, be made more than boiling hot. By stopping the evaporation of the steam, a very high temperature may be obtained; as in "Papin's Digester," water may be made red hot.

Speed of Men.—Men who are accustomed to running, will outstrip horses, as they can hold their speed longer. The King's messengers walk to Ispahan in 14 hours—a distance of 108 miles. A man, properly trained, will also walk down a horse, and a Hottentot will run down a lion.

The Strawberry.—This excellent and much admired fruit is very widely disseminated, and in some one or other of its modifications, is found in most parts of the world. It is particularly plenty in Europe and America; but its name is derived from the former country, where the practice prevails of laying straw under the vines at the period of fruitage. There are others who contend that the proper name is strayberry, from the wandering propensities evinced by the plants, which are often, after the lapse of a few years, found in places far remote from their original position. As an article of ordinary consumption, the strawberry was known in London in the days of the sixth Henry.

The total population of Paris is 1,100,000.

The mite makes 500 steps in a second, or 30,000 in a minute.

London Slaughter Houses.—We find it stated in one of the leading agricultural publications of Great Britain, that the annual value of sheep, cattle, &c., slaughtered, is £5,000,000. Every year there are brought up 1,200,000 sheep, 150,000 beasts, 22,000 calves, and 60,000 pigs. From 12,000 to 15,000 horses are also annually sold.—*Olive Branch.*

MORTALITY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The house is old, the house is cold,
And on the roof is snow;
And in and out, and round about,
The bitter night-winds blow
The bitter night-winds howl and blow,
And darkness thickens deep;
And oh, the minutes creep so slow
As though they were asleep!

It used to be all light and song,
And mirth and spirits gay;
The day could never prove too long,
The night seemed like the day.
The night seemed bright and light as day
Ere yet that house was old;
Ere yet its aged roof was gray,
Its inner chambers cold.

Old visions haunt the creaking floors,
Old sorrows sit and wail;
While still the night-winds out of doors
Like lusty bandits rail!
Old visions haunt the floors above,
The walls with wrinkles frown;
And people say, who pass that way,
'Twere well the house were down.

A Good Lesson.—"My son," said an engineer, "come here, I want to show you something."

"Well, father, what is it?"

"Do you see this kettle bail?"

"Yes."

"There," standing it up perpendicular on the table—"do you see that?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, there," laying it down upon the table—"do you see that? Well, it is no farther round that bail as it lies flat than it is over it when it stands up. So, when you come to a *hill*, remember, it may be no farther around the base than over the summit, while it is a great deal easier."

BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

My love is not a beauty
To other eyes than mine;
Her curls are not the fairest,
Her eyes are not divine;
Nor yet like rosebuds parted,
Her lips of love may be;
But though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

Her neck is far from swan-like,
Her bosom unlike snow;
Nor walks she like a deity
This breathing world below:
Yet there's a light of happiness
Within, which all may see;
And though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness,
The grace that dwells in *her*,
For all that Cupid's blindness
In others might prefer!
I would not change *her* sweetness
For pearls of any sea;
For better far than beauty
Is *one kind heart* to me.

MEXICO.

BY CASSIUS M. CLAY.

It is, no doubt, expected of me to give some ideas of Mexico and the present war. Mexico extends from about latitude 16 north, to 42 deg. from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific; and was in extent, before the loss of Texas, about as large as the United States. It embraces all the climates of the world, and rises in temperature from the tropical plains of Vera Cruz and Acapulco to the regions of perpetual snow. The Rocky Mountains, which separate us from Oregon, extend through all Mexico, and her whole surface is composed of table lands and mountains, which rise in steps from the Gulf and the Rio Grande, to the highest level, and then descend in regular gradations once more to the Pacific. She has no navigable streams, and the mountains and arid plains compose, I should imagine, seven-eights of the whole territory. It is now three hundred years since the Spanish conquest, and her population has long since reached that barrier where nature imposes eternal obstacles to further progress, where the whole products of the earth are economically consumed by the people. No, doubt, a better mode of agriculture would increase her population; but at present, to use the language of Malthus, she has reached the point of subsistence. It is true, that the remote provinces of Caliofornia and New Mexico, and those bordering upon the Rio Grande, and subject to Indian invasions, contains some uncultivated lands; but the proposition, as above stated, applies to the mass of Mexico. For in the greater portion of the whole Republic, women and children may be seen picking up grains of corn in the highways, and the rinds of fruit thrown in the streets are immediately seized and consumed. So soon as you cross the Rio Grande you feel yourself in a foreign land. Mexico has no forests. It is true, that along the streams and on mountain-tops there are trees, but you are struck with this great characteristic, that the land is bare of trees. The numerous varieties of the Cactus of all sizes, intermixed with Palmetto, stunted or long grass, cover the whole land. You are among a people of a novel color, and a strange language. The very birds and beasts, and dogs, seem different. The partridge, the lark, the crow, the black-bird, differ in size and plumage, and sing differently from ours. The buildings are of Moorish and Spanish style. The goat and the sheep feed together. The bricks are of clay and straw, sun-dried. The women go with earthen vessels to the well, just as Rachel was sent of old in the time of the Patriarchs of Judea. The roofs of the houses are flat, and places of recreation; and the people wear sandals as in the East, in olden time. Wheat, Indian corn, and herds of cattle, sheep and goats, the banana and red-pepper, and garlic and onions, are the principal sources of subsistence. The products of the mines are the principal articles of foreign exchange, added to woods, besides tallow and cochineal.

The extreme dryness of Mexico makes irrigation necessary in most of the country, and the scarcity of water, and the habits of the people, collect the inhabitants into cities or villages. The land itself is owned by a few large proprietors, not the least of whom are the priests. The great mass of the people are serfs, with but few more rights than American slaves. It is true that the children of serfs are not of necessity also serfs, but debt brings slavery, and the wages allowed by law almost always perpetuate it. Here then is the secret of the success of our arms. I conversed freely with the tenantry and soldiers in all Mexico, and where they are not filled with religious enthusiasm against us, they care not who rules them, American or Mexican masters. If all the Mexican soldiers were freeholders and freemen, not one of all the American army could escape from her borders. The soldiers are caught up in the Haciendas and the streets of the towns, by force confined in some prison or convent, there drilled, clothed, armed and then sent on to the regular army. Such men avow their resolution to desert or run on the first occasion. Of near one thousand soldiers sent from Toluca, to the aid of Santa Anna at Mexico, not one hundred stood the battle.

The whole people do not exceed eight millions of these, about two millions are white, and mixed bloods; the remainder are native Indians. I never, in all Mexico, with the exception of foreigners in the capital, saw a single white man at work.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Crossing last night a dreary moor,
Where deeply lay the snow,
I overtook at midnight hour
An old man creeping slow
'Twas the Old-Year! with age subdued,
Tottering, and sad, and lean,
And seeking 'mid the solitude
Some place to die unseen.
He had brought me many happy days—
I would not on his ending gaze.

Scarce had I passed the touching sight,
When a deep stillness fell;
I heard an old voice say "Good-night!"
And a young one chime "All's well!"
I turned me: the Old-Year was gone!
And lo! a beauteous child
With silvery laugh came dancing on,
And ever sweetly smiled;
And prattled with such guileless art—
I clasped the New-Year to my heart!

So 'tis with life! when midst the gloom
Of the soul's night we see
A loved joy sink into the tomb,
Some young Hope comes with glee,
And sings so sweetly in our ear
Of gladness aye to last,
That 'mid our grief we cease to hear
The music of the past—
And long as much for joys unknown,
As e'er we prized the blessing flown.

Duty and Glory.—The Duke of Wellington being asked if he had seen a French criticism on the fourteen volumes of his Despatches, replied in the negative, and inquired, "What do the French say of them?" He was told that the reviewer remarked that the word *glory* did not once occur, but that *duty* frequently did.

For Housekeepers.

OLD SCRAPS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

SELECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If you are about to furnish a house, do not spend all your money, be it much or little. Do not let the beauty of this thing, and the cheapness of that tempt you to buy unnecessary articles. Doctor Franklin's maxim was a wise one, "nothing is cheap that we do not want." Buy merely enough to get along with at first. It is only by experience that you can tell what will be the wants of your family. If you spend all your money, you will find you have purchased many things you do not want, and have no means left to get many things which you do want. If you have enough, and more than enough, to get every thing suitable to your situation, do not think you must spend it all, merely because you happen to have it. Begin humbly. As riches increase, it is easy and pleasant to increase in hospitality and splendor; but it is always painful and inconvenient to decrease. After all, these things are viewed in their proper light by the truly judicious and respectable. Neatness, tastefulness and good sense, may be shown in the management of a small household, and the arrangement of a little furniture, as well as upon a larger scale; and these qualities are always praised, and always treated with respect and attention. The consideration which many purchase by living beyond their income, and of course living upon others, is not worth the trouble it costs. The glare there is about this false and wicked parade is deceptive; it does not in fact procure a man valuable friends or extensive influence. More than that it is wrong—morally wrong, so far as the individual is concerned; and injurious beyond calculation to the interests of our country. To what are the increasing beggary, and discouraged exertions of the present period owing? A multitude of causes have no doubt tended to increase the evil; but the root of the whole matter is the extravagance of all classes of people! We never shall be prosperous till we make pride and vanity yield to the dictates of honesty and prudence! We never shall be free from embarrassment until we cease to be ashamed of industry and economy! Let women do their share towards reformation. Let their fathers and husbands see them happy without finery; and if their husbands and fathers (as is often the case) have a foolish pride in seeing them decorated, let them gently and gradually check this feeling, by showing that they have better and surer means of commanding respect. Let them prove by the exertion of ingenuity and economy, that neatness, good taste, and gentility, are attainable without great expense.

SPONGE CAKE.

The nicest way to make Sponge Cake, is the weight of six eggs in sugar, the weight of four eggs in flour, a little rose-water. The whites and yolks should be beaten thoroughly and separately. The eggs and sugar should be well beaten together; but after the flour is sprinkled it should not be stirred a moment longer than is necessary to mix it well; it should be poured into the pan, and put into the oven with all possible expedition. Twenty minutes is about long enough to bake. Not to be put in till some other articles have taken off the first few minutes of furious heat.

POUND CAKE.

One and a half pound of flour, one pound of butter, one and a half pounds of white sifted sugar, twelve eggs, the juice of one lemon, one pound of currants and raisins, one large nutmeg; to be baked in a slow oven.

SUGAR JUMBLES.

Two pounds of flour, three quarters of a pound of sugar, the same of butter, one nutmeg; to be baked in a moderate oven.

THE PAID BILL.

A BALLAD OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Oh, fling not this receipt away,
Given by one who trusted thee;
Mistakes will happen every day
However honest folks may be,
And sad it is, love, twice to pay;
So cast not that receipt away.

Ah! yes; if e'er in future hours,
When we this bill have all forgot,
They send it in again—Ye powers!—
And swear that we have paid it not—
How sweet to know, on such a day,
We've never cast receipts away!—*Punch.*

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE.

Every person at all familiar with the English agricultural periodicals, of the few past years, must be aware of the vast importance of the turnip crop to the English farmers. Said Mr. Webster, after his return from England some eight years since, "fields of turnips of three, four and even five hundred acres are sometimes seen, though the common fields are much less; and it may be observed here, that in the richest and best cultivated parts of England, enclosures of ten, fifteen, twenty or thirty acres seemed more common."

In consequence of the disease that has attacked the potato crop for several years past, many of our farmers have been deprived of a large portion of the food usually fed to their stock and fattening swine, as well as an important item in fattening cattle. As a substitute for feeding and fattening cattle, &c., perhaps the Swedish, or ruta-baga turnip may be as profitably grown as any other root crop.

In England the turnip culture has been the foundation of its improved agriculture. Its cultivation has wrought such changes, in fifty years, that it may be said to have revolutionized English agriculture. Turnips are now substituted in the place of naked fallows, which before the cultivation of the turnip, kept nearly one quarter of the arable land out of cultivation and yielding nothing.

To be enabled to manure such quantities of land, for the turnip crop, bone manure is very largely and most frequently used. How long since it was first used for this purpose I have not the means of ascertaining. But by the county agricultural reports published by the Board of Agriculture in 1813, it appears that bone manure was used in many of the counties, and then sixty, eighty and one hundred bushels per acre was used, but at the present time, sixteen, twenty, or twenty-four bushels per acre is the quantity generally used.

In the year 1827 the importation of bones into England amounted to over 40,000 tons, and Mr. Huckinson estimated their value at more than one hundred thousand pounds sterling, and the importation has been much greater since that time. They are imported into Great Britain from every quarter of the globe, and, says Prof. Norton, "to our shame it is a fact that English agents are purchasing them in the United States. In England such manures are not suffered to lie on the hill sides and manure the air. Bones, as containing nearly every substance required for the growth of crops, have now an undisputed place among the very first of fertilizers."

A fresh bone consists of phosphoric acid, lime, magnesia, gelatine and fat or oil; if burned in a fire, the gelatine, fat or oil, the *organic* part is driven off, the phosphoric acid and lime—the *inorganic* part remains. If a bone is covered for awhile with a quantity of dilute muriatic acid, the phosphoric acid and lime will be dissolved out. The substance which remains, after the lime has been abstracted, retains the exact figure and dimensions of the original bone, and it is soft, flexible and elastic. This process is extensively practised in France, for the purpose of obtaining glue, from the gelatine of the bone.

If bones are broken up and boiled in a strong ley, made from the sulphate of potash, they can be reduced to a fine white powder in a few hours. Whole bones buried or left upon the surface of the soil, will remain for a long period without alteration, even the gelatine will remain for centuries without change. Some two years ago, I was in the office of Dr. C. T. Jackson, Boston, and while I was there, Dr. J. was extracting the glue from the gelatine of the bone of the mastadon, or some other huge but now extinct animal of our western country. He did this for the purpose of satisfying some persons who were skeptical about their being *real bones.* There are persons who contend that although they much resemble bones, yet doubt their ever having made "part and parcel" of living animals, but consider them fossil remains as mere "chance aggregates."

The Doctor, however, succeeded in obtaining quite a quantity of strong glue from the gelatine of these ancient bones.

Now, how long since these monsters swarmed in countless numbers upon the American Continent, we have no data to fix upon, but it seems pretty clear that they lived subsequently to the drift, or boulder period. But we are more in the dark as to the time and cause of their extinction as living species. Yet it appears from the character of fossil remains in Europe, Asia, Australia and in North and South America, that those conditions which favor the life of the larger quadrupeds were (geologically speaking) lately co-extensive with the world; what those conditions were, no one has yet even conjectured. From the fresh appearance of a multitude of the huge bones found in the western country, it would at first view appear as though they were of very recent date, but it must be borne in mind that, however recent they may appear to the eye, these bones have, in fact, lain for more than two hundred years in the situations in which they are now found, as there is not the least reason to believe any of these animals existed at the time this country was settled by the Europeans, and if they could remain so slightly changed for that period, we do not see why they might not have continued so for ten or twenty centuries.

Prof. Johnston says in his "Agricultural Chemistry," "some lands remember a single dressing of bones for sixteen or twenty years, and some, after the application of two or two and a half tons of bones, have yielded ten to fifteen successive crops of oats, and have been sensibly benefitted for as many as sixty years after the bones were applied." In confirmation of this, he gives in a note at the bottom of the page the following account, "that a portion of the soil of an arable district in Sweden, which from time immemorial had grown excellent wheat without manure, was found by Berzelius to contain minute fragments of bone, capable, upon boiling with water, of yielding a weak solution of gelatine. It was concluded, therefore, that the spot had been an ancient battle-field, and that its prolonged fertility was due to the bones of old time buried in it, and still to some extent undecomposed."

About one half the weight of fresh bone consists of phosphoric acid and lime combined in the proportion of 51½ per cent. of lime, and 48½ per cent. of phosphoric acid. In this state of combination it is very insoluble in water, therefore it acts slowly upon the roots of crops, to which it is applied as manure. By dissolving bones in sulphuric acid it has practically, and beyond all cavil, been ascertained that three or four bushels of dissolved bones will produce as large a crop of turnips as twenty bushels of dry bone-dust, or fifteen or twenty loads of manure.—*Boston Cultivator.*

CORN.

According to chemical analyses, which vary considerably, corn contains in 100 pounds, from 10½ to 12½ pounds of nitrogen, called also gluten, albumen, and casein; it is the muscle-forming property, which supports men and animals under hard labor. Lean meat and cheese are composed mostly of this property.

Corn varies very much. Snapping corn contains a very large portion of oil or fat, and the Tuscarora and Calico corn, and some other varieties are composed almost wholly of starch. Most kinds of corn contain a large amount of oil, and are better for fattening animals than for sustaining those under hard labor. Wheat and oats contain more nitrogen, or muscle-forming properties than corn. When at hard labor a man must eat more Indian bread than wheat bread, to sustain him, or replenish the muscles as they are worn away by exercise.

We have no account of the per centage of nitrogen in cobs, but it is evident that they contain nutriment, from an old lady's keeping her cow in good condition principally on boiled cobs, to say nothing of the production of alcohol from them.

Although corn does not contain as much nitrogen as wheat, yet for persons not laboring very hard, it contains enough. Wheat or fine flour is too nutritious, or contains too much gluten for persons of sedentary habits, hence arises dyspepsia, constipation, and a host of evils follow in their train, among which is laziness, a mortal enemy to health and comfort.—*Boston Cultivator.*

"GREEN CROPS—ROTATION."

Light soils are most benefitted by green crops for manure, or as they are easily worked, green crops may be raised on them for cheaper than on heavy lands. Heavy, moist lands of a good soil, will bear good crops of grass with a light top-dressing every second year, and may be managed more profitably in this way than by green crops and tillage.

In manuring with green crops, the great object should be to take off one crop for consumption and grow another to turn under for manure the same season; in this way a soil of a good texture can probably be kept in good condition, and the crops afforded are ample remuneration for all expenditures. In this climate and farther south two crops may be raised annually, and perhaps the same can be done farther north.

Another important consideration in this system is rotation, which is much more important than in cases where high manuring will produce the same crop for years in succession. We have seen potatoes growing vigorously the twentieth year in succession on the same land; but this was accomplished by high manuring, and could not be regarded as economical farming.

We do not recommend precisely the rotation which follows, for those crops that are most profitable may occur oftener, and such as are not so profitable may be dispensed with. Our object is to show that on warm light soils, a variety of crops may be raised, one for consumption and another for manure, in each year, and how they may follow each other, and the cultivator can modify or arrange them to suit his judgment and circumstances.

If the land be unoccupied the latter part of the season, or if an early grass crop be taken off in season to sow buckwheat by the first week in July, sow it, (better sow last week in June, if convenient,) and plough in the buckwheat the first or second week in September, according to its forwardness, and sow winter rye. If there is no chance for a crop of buckwheat, sow rye first week in September. Thus much for preparation.

1st year. Sow a small quantity of clover in March, and a bushel of plaster to the acre in March or April. The clover will make good manure, and we think that it will not injure the rye, but this must be settled by further experience. Take off the rye crop when completely full, plough immediately and sow buckwheat, which plough under as early in September as it is well grown, and sow rye. Crops, rye for consumption—buckwheat for manure.

2d year. Sow a little clover in March; from 1st to 10th of June plough in the rye, and plant corn, a small, early kind, and near together, say two feet six or nine inches, having as many as five thousand hill to the acre, in squares, so as to cultivate both ways. One great spoonful of plaster, and two of ashes, mixed, in the hill at planting will probably pay double the cost. Cultivate on a level, making no hills. Sow to herds grass, red top, and about two ounces of flat turnip seed, from the 10th to 20th of July. This should be done just before rain, or during wet weather, and lightly bushed or raked in. If it is dry, harrow it in tolerably deep. As soon as the corn is glazed all over, cut up the ground and stock. Crops, corn and turnips for consumption—rye for manure.

3d year. Sow clover in March, half a bushel plaster the first of April. As soon as the hay is off, plough, sow buckwheat, which plough in in September, and sow rye. Crops, hay for consumption—buckwheat for manure.

4th year. Sow a little clover in March. By June 20th plough in the crop, sooner if it be in blossom, sow ruta baga. A little salt, plaster, ashes and bone-dust, in the drill, will be a great advantage, and doubly pay the expense. After harvesting, plough in the leaves. Crops, ruta baga for consumption—rye, clover and leaves for manure. Potatoes or carrots may be substituted for ruta baga.

5th year. Sow early peas and oats early. Cut when full or ripening, and sow buckwheat. Plough it under in September, and sow rye. Crops, oats and peas for consumption—buckwheat for manure.

6th year. Sow a little clover in March, half a bushel of plaster in April, plough all in by June 10th or 20th, and sow Bremen or Merimichee beans in drills. Crops, beans for consumption—rye and clover for manure.

7th year. Sow clover in March, cut it as soon as it will answer; plough and sow buckwheat, which plough under in September and sow rye.

This system, with necessary alterations, admits of taking off one crop for profit, and ploughing under another for manure; also of rotation, or frequent change; and as there will be but few weeds, the cost of cultivation will be light.

The crops may be increased by the use of ashes, bone manure, salt, and other portable manures. A permanent improvement of the soil may be made by adding clay, marl, mud, peat, muck, loam, &c. And as manure will be made from the crops taken off, it may be well to use a little animal manure to form a compost with mud, peat, &c., with lime. In sowing hard, slow-vegetating seeds, rather late in June, it is best to soak them, that they may be almost ready to sprout.

The above system may be varied so as to give a preference to those crops that are most profitable.—*Boston Cultivator.*

CLOVER.

At the Agricultural meeting on Tuesday, last week, most of the speakers put clover in the back ground, and thought it would not compare with herds-grass and red-top for any kind of stock excepting sheep. One or two of them said clover in pastures would not fatten animals so fast as the native grasses; and as to its value in hay it seemed to be considered poor food.

The reason of all this is that farmers neglect to cut their clover in season; and where it is suffered to stand till half the heads have turned brown, we agree the hay is poor stuff for any kind of animals. Much was said on that evening as to the proper time of cutting grass, and several speakers recommended letting it stand till some of the seeds in each head had advanced so far as to be capable of vegetation.

No distinction was made that night between clover and other kinds, and if the speakers meant to include clover, there is no wonder they considered their clover hay poor stuff. The truth is, clover is a bad article to be carried to market. It will not bear removing far, even when it has been cut in due season and cured in a proper manner.

We have had long experience with this kind of hay, and we cannot be easily talked out of it. Pound for pound it will fatten animals, and will produce milk as well as any kind of hay that we ever used, that is, when it is cut in season and properly made.

Large or rank clover should be cut as soon as half the heads have come into blossom. If it stands till half the heads have turned brown, it will not be worth half so much, and it will not weigh so much by one-third as it will when cut in season. We have been surprised at the difference in weight when clover is cut early. Any man of common observation will decide in a moment on taking up a forkful of it on the haymow.

One speaker remarked, the other night, that early cut hay gave the excrements of cattle a dark hue. He was greatly mistaken as to the cause; early cut clover makes the excrements of cows look as if the animals ate Indian meal daily.

We would not like to have a pasture filled with clover for that would exclude the natural grasses. But we know that cattle will thrive fast on green clover, as fast as on any kind of grass.

Clover has a long tap root, and when we seed down if we mix clover with herds-grass the tap roots of the clover soon turn to manure and keep the ground light for the remaining grasses.

Clover hay need not be dried so much as herds-grass or red-top, because it never packs so close, but it should not be put into the barn green, or nearly green, as some have advised. It is not good to be carried to market, but for all kinds of stock, including milch cows, it is an excellent feed, and we incline to think there would be less difference of opinion among farmers on this point if they would cut in season and make it properly.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

"LICE ON CATTLE."

Mr. Editor,—Much has been said in regard to killing "Lice on Cattle." Among all the hostilities of the day there is none so simple and efficient as *Mercurial Ointment* (unguentum); this is generally found at the apothecaries or stores and is easily made, viz., 1 lb. quicksilver, 7 lbs. lard; rub the quicksilver with a little soft turpentine in a mortar until the globules disappear, then mix it thoroughly with the lard; before applying it to your stock reduce this with an equal quantity of lard and rub a little between their horns on their bows, &c.,—a piece as large as a small walnut is sufficient for any bullock. A.

Pembroke, Feb. 1848.

The Olio.

THE CUTLER'S LAMENT.

I never wrote up "Skates to sell,"
Trusting to fickle Nature's law,
But—when I'd advertised them well,
And puffed them—it was sure to thaw.
Yes, it was ever thus—the Fates
Seem adverse to the trade in skates.

If a large stock I chanced to buy,
Thinking 'twas likely still to freeze,
Up the thermometer would fly—
All in a day—some ten degrees.
Their presence in my window pane
Turns ice to mud, and snow to rain.—*Punch.*

Blessings of Freedom.—Happy are the young men in a land of freedom and peace. They need pass no flower in their path—no pleasure shuns their circle, and no hope lies without their horizon. They are the staffs of age, the trellises of every household love, the most active and least care-burdened members of the state.

COMMON THINGS.

BY MRS. HAWKSHAW.

The sunshine is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing,
It through the window gleams
Upon the snowy pillows where
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat
Out on the lonely sea;
Or where the little lambkins lie
Beneath the old oak tree.

The dew drops on the summer morn
Sparkle upon the grass;
The village children brush them off,
That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarchs' crowns
More beautiful than they;
And yet we scarcely notice them,
But tread them off in play.

Poor robin on the pear-tree sings,
Beside the cottage door;
The heath flower fills the air with sweets,
Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who sit by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones.

The Bourbons.—There is a savage brutality in these paternal rulers, that renders any terms with them impossible. The very name of the King of Naples is of ill omen: Ferdinand of Spain hung the patriot leaders as soon as he could, after swearing to observe the Constitution; Ferdinand of Austria massacred the landed proprietors of Galicia, in a cool calculation of policy; his father, Francis, buried in his hateful dungeons some of the finest intellects and gentlest hearts of Italy—men who, like Silvio Pellico, were treated worse than the blackest criminals. The same tyranny is going on at this moment, as virulently as if the world were still in the fifteenth century. Ferdinand of Naples has shed the blood of his subjects in Calabria and Palermo without remorse, and only ceases to do so because the people have made themselves the stronger. But the day of retribution seems at hand.

Never Joke with Elephants.—A very fat man went to see a collection of animals at North Shields the other day. Having crammed his pocket with apples, he, for diversion, suffered himself to be plundered of them by the elephant. The animal made a clean sweep, and did not leave a single apple in his pocket. He, however, invited the creature to plunge its proboscis a second time into the pouch. The invitation was accepted, but, there being no fruit, the elephant not understanding jokes, the indignation of the animal was at boiling point. Seizing the huge individual by his coat, the creature at once raised him ten feet from the ground, an awful example for men who presume to joke with elephants. The coat could not resist the ponderous weight, and the fat man fell to the ground. He was but little hurt, and he quickly scrambled off to a safer distance.

Talk After Church.—"Well, Laura, give me a short sketch of the sermon. Where was the text?"

"Oh, I don't know—I have forgotten it. But would you believe it, Mrs. V. wore that horrid bonnet of hers. I couldn't keep my eyes off it all meeting time. Miss P. had on a lovely little pink one; and Miss T. wore a new shawl that must have cost fifty dollars. I wonder her folks don't see the folly of such extravagance. And there was Mrs. H., with her pelisse. It's astounding what a want of taste some folks exhibit."

"Well, if you have forgotten the sermon, you have not the audience. But what preacher do you prefer, this one or Mr. A?"

"Oh, Mr. A. He's so handsome, and so graceful. What an eye, and what a set of teeth he has!"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

Short the hour for rest or sleep,
Keep thy hand upon the plough.
Toil must neither dream nor weep,
Harvest comes by sweat of brow.

Ever look toward the light,
Tarry thou no friend to greet;
Wilful sleep is wakeless night,
Earnest act has tireless feet.

Search for ever—searchers find,
Ask for ever—askers win;
Only lazy eye is blind,
Want of Will alone is sin.

Musical World.

A Genuine Compliment.—It is said that a lady of extraordinary beauty, once confessed that the only real compliment she ever received was from a coal-heaver, who asked permission to light his pipe in her eyes. We have lately met with another compliment paid by a sailor, who was directed by his captain to carry a letter to the lady of his love. The sailor, having performed his errand, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the countenance of the lady, for she was "beautiful exceedingly." "Well, my honest man," said she, "for what do you wait? there is no answer expected." "Lady," said the sailor, "I would like to know your name." "And why?" she replied; "why should you seek to know my name?" "Because," said he, "*because I would call upon it in a storm, and save some ship from sinking.*"

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 8, 7, 6, is an intoxicating drink.
My 2, 3, 4, is a piece of land.
My 5, 3, 4, is a sensation.
My 2, 3, 8, is a piece of timber.
My 1, 2, 3, 8, is worn on the feet.
My 4, 5, is a preposition.
My whole is an indispensable article. J. O. M.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 14, 10, 4, 19, is a county in Indiana.
My 2, 12, 1, 6, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 3, 14, 1, 9, 15, is a county in Virginia.
My 4, 6, 19, 6, 10, 3, 14, is a county in Illinois.
My 5, 19, 11, 13, is a river in Europe.
My 6, 11, 14, 4, 16, 5, is a county in Virginia.
My 7, 14, 2, 8, 15, is a county in Ohio.
My 8, 16, 19, 14, 19, is a county in Virginia.
My 9, 15, 3, 6, is an island on the coast of Scotland.
My 10, 6, 7, 12, 5, 7, 14, is a county in Vermont.
My 11, 9, 4, 16, 14, 17, is a county in Missouri.
My 12, 8, 3, 14, is a county in Illinois.
My 13, 6, 10, 4, 19, is a county in Missouri.
My 14, 7, 15, is a river in Europe.
My 15, 6, 3, 14, 11, is a county in New Jersey.
My 16, 19, 13, 6, 14, 10, is a man's name.
My 17, 9, 6, 11, 3, is a county in Indiana.
My 18, 6, 10, 4, 12, 1, is a town in Ireland.
My 19, 11, 8, 12, is a city in Africa.
My whole is the name of a celebrated American novelist and historian. J. W. MORGAN.

CHARADE.

My first is a term implying a firm
When it follows a gentleman's name;
My next plainly tells of a female who dwells
In seclusion where man never came;
Martial sounds from my third redoubling are heard,
When the demon of war has awoke,
But what am I doing, this trifling pursuing,
For really my whole's but a joke.

RIDDLE.

I'm a singular creature, pray tell me my name—
I partake of my countrymen's glory and fame
I daily am old, and I daily am new,
I am praised, I am blamed, I am false, I am true—
I'm the talk of the nation, while I'm in my prime,
But forgotten when once I've outlasted my time
In the morning no Miss is more courted than I,
In the evening you see me thrown carelessly by.
Take warning, ye Fair—I like you have my day,
But alas! you like me must grow old and decay.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Suppose a straight line (for what I care to be continued to immensity) and a ball beginning to move at first at the distance of one mile to the side of this line, but in such a curve that it nears itself each mile the one-half of its distance towards it continually. What distance would the centre of this ball be from moving in the first supposed line, at the end of one hundred miles—to be measured on the line, the ball so inclining towards it in a curve of continual nearing of one-half the distance of what it was before each successive mile, but never moving exactly in the same line? D. D.

ORIGINAL CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a down-hearted person like a toper with his bottle empty?
Ans.—Because he is out of spirits.

☞ Why is a fatigued person like a wheel?
Ans.—Because he is *tired.*

☞ Why is an obstinate self-willed person, who must always be forced to do any thing, like a piece of iron?
Ans.—Because it can never be led (lead.)

☞ Why is a man to whom the "latest information" is about to be imparted like one just going to be hung?
Ans.—Because he is about to receive the news (noose.)

☞ Why is wheat about to be ground like an opening bud?
Ans.—Because it will soon become flour (flower.) W. W.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.
William Cullen Bryant.—Benedict Arnold.
CHARADE.—Bonnet.
RIDDLES.—A Needle.—A Pair of Specs.
ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
A's lands were valued at $1.26.50.631—cts. per acre. And he got 304.3[illegible]—acres.
B's lands were valued at $1.27.50.631—cts. per acre. And he got 333.17[illegible]—acres.